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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH  
OF GEN. WILLIAM DARKE, OF VIRGINIA,  
BY A CITIZEN OF FREDERICK COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.—*Shakspeare.*

The discovery of this continent by Columbus, the reformation under the auspices of Luther, and the American revolution, have been justly reckoned among the greatest events recorded in the history of man. The first revealed to the astonished world new and boundless regions of ocean and land: by the instrumentality of the second, the sun of righteousness arose on Europe, "with healing in his wings:" in the last, a nation was born in a day, with a form of government altogether unprecedented, whose power is felt throughout the earth, and whose commerce whitens every sea. The contemplative mind asks—where are the heroes who reared this mighty fabric by their toil, and cemented it with their blood? Old Time responds, that the clods of the valley hide them from our view; that the voice of those who once rode on the storm of battle, is hushed forever; and the youthful American, looking with tearful eye on the small band of survivors, sighs while he reflects that they, "like the leaves of the sybil, are more precious as they become fewer in number."

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One of the most prominent of those men who emancipated the United States from the yoke of Great Britain, was General WILLIAM DARKE, of Jefferson county, Virginia. He was born in 1736, in the county of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; when a boy, emigrated with his parents to Virginia, within five miles of Shepherdstown, where he was reared by his father to agricultural pursuits. Gifted by nature with a Herculean frame—active, daring, and resolute—courting danger and fearless of all consequences in his undertakings—of strong but uncultivated mind—his heart and purse were open to his friends; but, despising hypocrisy, he was, toward his personal enemies, sometimes harsh and imperious. In the nineteenth year of his age, he united himself to the army under the ill-fated Braddock, who had arrived in Virginia on the 20th February, 1755. His forces consisted of two British regiments of five hundred men each, commanded by Sir Peter Halket and Colonel Dunbar; to these were added more than one thousand colonial troops, among whom was Darke. The army was separated into two divisions. On the 8th of July, Braddock, who commanded the advance, arrived at the junction of the Youghiogany and Monongahela rivers. On the next day, the army advanced in high spirits, confident that soon they would enter the walls of Fort Duquesne, with the full tide of victory. They were compelled to ford the river twice, and march a part of the way on the south side of it. They proceeded in perfect order; every man in full uniform; the soldiers well arrayed; the sun rising majestically and gleaming from their bright arms; the river flowing silently on their right; the dark forests on their left overshadowing them with solemn green foliage. About noon they reached the second crossing place, ten miles from the fort. At ten o'clock the whole army was over; a sharp firing was now heard on the advanced parties ascending a hill; a heavy discharge of musketry was next heard; this was followed by another on the right flank: no enemy could be seen. Braddock advanced to their assistance, but the troops had now fallen back on the artillery: the utmost confusion prevailed. Both soldiers and officers were brave and well disciplined, but totally unaccustomed to this mode of warfare. For nearly three hours were they in this forlorn condition, mowed down by an almost invisible foe. The Virginia provincials, however, retained their firmness, and acted well their part. They fought, each man for himself, from behind the trees. The carnage was unparalleled. More than half of the army, which three hours before had crossed the river in all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," were killed or disabled: the General himself mortally wounded: twenty-six officers killed, thirty-seven wounded: of the privates, seven hundred and fourteen were killed and wounded. The French and Indians numbered only eight hundred and fifty. Washington himself, who was aid-de-camp of Braddock, was in imminent danger; four bullets passing through his coat, and two horses being shot under him. He speaks in the highest terms of the Virginia troops, and says, that out of three

companies who were there, scarcely thirty men survived. Darke escaped without injury. Such was the end of the unfortunate Braddock—proud, haughty, and vain; he had learnt the art of war in Flanders, but who was wholly unfitted for this expedition. Despising the admonitions of his aid de camp, by whose prowess and skill the remainder of the army was saved from utter annihilation, he rushed on to his melancholy and disastrous death, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," and was buried within a few yards of the national road, about a mile west of the site of Fort Necessity.

Darke now returned to the residence of his father. So far as I can learn, he continued from this period on the farm, engaged at intervals in the toils of the chase, traversing the mountains in pursuit of game; or in those hardy and athletic exercises and feats, which then constituted a necessary part of education. Peace prevailed between the colonies and the mother country. The gradual encroachments of power, and the strides of oppression, however, at length awakened the patriotic spirit of Virginia. In May, 1765, the resolutions of the celebrated Patrick Henry, denouncing in bold terms the stamp act, were offered to the House of Burgesses. The shock throughout the continent was electric. He was, indeed, Demosthenes, "forest born;" a pupil of nature, unequalled in genius and eloquence; virtuous, brave, and impetuous; the foe of tyrants, the friend of rational liberty; admired as well for his high moral qualities as for the matchless talents which he brought forth to the aid of his oppressed country. The debate arising on these resolutions was never surpassed in power and oratory, even in the proudest days of the Roman Senate. The scenes which were daily transpiring in Massachusetts, aroused the energies of patriotism: legislative resolves, town meetings, days of humiliation and prayer solemnly set apart by religious assemblies to implore the favor of heaven, and the mighty, irresistible tide of eloquence running through our land, concentrated the energies of the community in one unbroken, desperate effort, to shake off the yoke of tyranny.

The first Congress met at Philadelphia, September 4, 1774, and the Virginia Convention of Delegates met a second time in Richmond, March 20, 1775. Energetic measures were adopted: forces were to be raised. In their support, Henry delivered a speech which at once placed him among the greatest orators of any age. Soon after, the news of the first blood being shed at Lexington and Concord, put a finishing stroke to every hope of compromise: the sound of arms was now heard, the groans of our expiring countrymen were wafted on every breeze: and the summit of Bunker, consecrated by the blood of Warren, arrested the eye of all classes of society.

"What heroes from the woodland sprung,  
When, through the fresh-awakened land,  
The thrilling cry of freedom rung;  
And, to the work of warfare strung,  
The yeoman's iron hand."—*Bryant.*



Darke hesitated not as to his course. He bade adieu to his paternal mansion, and joined the American army.

I have not been able to ascertain the extent and importance of his services from this time, until shortly prior to the battle of Germantown. Washington, desirous of harassing the enemy, and reposing especial confidence in the skill and courage of Darke, authorized him to choose a select corps from the whole army for this very important object. So much gratified was he with its successful execution, that in the presence of several field officers, the Commander-in-chief bestowed on him the most decided tokens of approbation, and caused the public order approbatory of his achievement to be read at the head of each regiment, that all might profit by the example.

Early in the morning of October 4, 1777, the battle of Germantown commenced. The subject of this memoir was attached to the ninth regiment of Virginia, commanded by Colonel Matthews, afterwards Governor of Georgia. The advancing column led by Sullivan, accompanied by Washington, encountered and drove in a picket at Mount Airy; the main body followed, and engaging the light infantry and the fortieth regiment posted at the head of the village, forced them to retire, leaving their baggage. Though closely pursued, Lieutenant Colonel Musgrave threw himself, with six companies, into a large stone house belonging to Mr. Chew, directly in the way of our troops, from which they were very severely galled by a heavy fire of musketry from the doors and windows. Ineffectual efforts were made to storm the house. The line of the right wing was broken, which, added to the darkness occasioned by an uncommon fog, created much confusion. In half an hour after Sullivan had been engaged, Greene attacked the light infantry; it was at first successful in compelling the battalion of light infantry to give way; but the face of the country, the excessive darkness of the morning, and want of discipline, blasted all the flattering hopes of success, and defeated an enterprise which had promised a most brilliant result. Disorder and confusion now arose. The enemy profiting from these misfortunes, recovered from their consternation. General Knyphausen attacked Sullivan, who had penetrated far into the village. Muhlenberg and Scott's brigades were surrounded. The main body of our army commenced a retreat: all efforts to rally were ineffectual. Washington's lofty spirit was doomed to mortification and chagrin. Victory perched on the standard of the foe, which ought to have settled down on his own. The British loss was five hundred killed and wounded: that of the Americans was two hundred killed, nearly three times that number wounded, and four hundred prisoners. Among the latter was Darke, who, with the regiment to which he belonged, had penetrated into the centre of the town, and was exposed to the hottest fire.

We now see the warrior for the first time a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. He is confined in jail at Philadelphia for nine months, when he was sent to Long Island on parole, where the



prisoners taken at Fort Washington were kept. He remained here until November 1, 1780, when he was exchanged. Like Richard the First of England, captured on his return from the Holy Land, and immured within the gloomy walls of a dungeon in Germany, Darke underwent sore and aggravating trials. For more than three years his services were lost to his country; no sound of arms or shout of victory aroused the energies of his soul, and nerved his arm for conquest; all was painful and long-protracted inactivity; the silence of his prison broken only by the exulting cry of the enemy, or the lamentations of the friends of liberty, at the repeated disasters of our army. His proud spirit, however, rose triumphant above the difficulties by which he was surrounded. The day at length dawned when he was liberated from bondage. Home, with all its enjoyments, once more appeared to his enraptured vision, and the spring of 1781 found him in active service. He now repaired to Winchester, to recruit his regiment, and make suitable preparations for the celebrated campaign of that year, so memorable in our annals for having terminated the war by the surrender of Cornwallis. He was Colonel Commandant of the Hampshire and Berkley regiments, at the siege of York, and nobly sustained the character he had previously won for unconquerable bravery and heroic daring. Washington had suddenly left his position on the Hudson; and uniting his troops with those of our ally, pressed on to the south, determined to force the British General to a capitulation. Arriving at Williamsburg on the 14th September, he proceeded to Hampton, attended by Rochambeau, Knox, Chattleaux, and Du Portail. On board the *Ville de Paris* the plan of the siege was concerted with Count De Grasse. Having disembarked a body of marines, the Admiral commenced the erection of a battery for heavy ordnance on Old Point Comfort, the northern promontory of James river. Our forces arrived at intervals, until, on the 28th September, 1781, they sat down in four columns in front of the enemy, two miles distant; the Americans forming the right, and the French the left. Cornwallis was now completing his fortifications at York and Gloucester. The former was a small town situated on a river of that name, with a remarkably fine harbor, protected by batteries designed to co-operate with the naval force. A line of circumvallation had been cut, terminating in a deep ravine below the town; this line was defended by redoubts, strengthened by fosses and abatis. In front of the intrenchments, surrounding the town, was another line of redoubts and field works. Gloucester, opposite Yorktown, was likewise fortified. Here the works were finished, and the post committed to Lieutenant Colonel Dundas, with a few infantry and all the cavalry. On the 24th the British General received a despatch from Sir Henry Clinton, assuring him of an ample reinforcement by the 5th of October. This led him to decline a contest with our advanced forces; and giving up his fortified camp, he retired in the night to his town position. The Americans made regular approaches, until on the 14th amidst profound

darkness, La Fayette led on the assault at the point of the bayonet on the right, and the Baron de Viomenil on the left. Complete success crowned their exertions. Humanity was shown by our troops in the most signal manner, although the massacre at Fort Griswold, where the gallant Ledyard was slain in the act of surrendering his sword, was yet fresh in the recollection of every man who had stormed the redoubts. All hopes of receiving aid from Sir Henry Clinton having vanished, and every effort to extricate himself having failed, the British commander was reduced to the painful necessity of surrendering his army on the 19th October, 1781. The hour of two o'clock P. M. was designated, when the solemn and affecting scene was exhibited in full view of both armies. No one can look upon the national painting in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, representing this event, without being filled with lofty emotions. On one side you behold the American commander in the pride and vigor of his powers, mounted on his war horse waiting the arrival of the captive army. In the rear are to be seen Hamilton, Knox, and other prominent chiefs, with countenances betokening the unutterable feelings of joy which swelled their bosoms: on the other, the French troops rivet our attention by their soldier-like bearing and elegant deportment. But Cornwallis is not there. His fortunes were now shrouded in gloom and despair; chagrin and mortification filled his breast; the reminiscence of his former fame could not sustain him; the number of his victories and unrivalled skill in tactics could not banish the sorrow which overwhelmed his mind; he supposed the star of his glory to be forever set. The canvass seems to speak; every countenance is solemn; the vanity of all earthly things is forcibly stamped on the mind, and we involuntarily exclaim "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." General O'Hara is represented as in the act of delivering his sword to General Lincoln on horseback. His visage seems marked with despondency and mortified pride. The forces surrendered amounted to seven thousand one hundred and seven. Their loss during the siege was five hundred and fifty-eight; that of the Americans three hundred. Thus ended this important siege, in which Darke, at the head of his troops, was constantly engaged; universal joy was spread throughout the land; the war may be said now to have ended; the warrior laid down his helmet; the toils of the camp were brought to a close; astonished Europe wondered at the mighty work which had been done. Darke, returning to Berkeley county, again embarked in the pursuits of agriculture. He was not, however, permitted to remain long in this retreat. He was chosen with General Stevens to represent that county in the convention which met at Richmond, June 2, 1788, for the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. That body continued in session until the 27th, during which time the impetuous and awful eloquence of Henry in vain essayed to move the mind of Darke from a fixed resolution to uphold by his vote the sacred charter of our rights, for which he had drawn his sword. He co-

incided with Madison, Monroe and Marshall, on all occasions.— Subsequently, he was repeatedly elected to the Legislature of Virginia. Soon after the adoption of the Constitution, the rising glories of the West attracted the attention of the republic and more especially incited the surviving officers of the revolution to protect their countrymen from the ravages of savage warfare. It was on the 1st of May, 1769, when the celebrated Daniel Boone left his home on the Yadkin, accompanied by five persons, to explore the immense tracts of country lying beyond the Alleghenies. They saw as far as the eye could reach the richest prairies, the most majestic rivers; forests abounding with every species of game; countless herds of buffaloe in the wildness of nature; lofty mountains, containing inexhaustible mines of copper, lead and iron; “the father of waters,” moving in silent grandeur; myriads of trees gay with blossoms or loaded with fruits. The utmost stretch of imagination could scarcely have induced them to suppose, that in a few years splendid cities would arise on those spots where the wild beasts made their den; that sovereign and independent States would come into existence, giving birth to many of the most illustrious orators of the world; that steamboats would navigate those waters from Orleans to the base of the Rocky Mountains, bringing back the rich furs and peltries of the upper regions; that the busy hum of commerce should be heard throughout the Valley of the Mississippi; that in forty years thereafter, a ship of more than three hundred tons burthen should be launched at Pittsburgh, and making her way over the Atlantic, would bear to the ends of the earth the products of our soil; or that the military character of our country would be permanently established on those fields where Packenham and Gibbs laid down their lives. This beautiful and enchanting country was filled with innumerable hordes of Indians, “lords of the forest,” who for the first time beheld the white man invading their hunting grounds. From year to year as the settlements advanced, repeated predatory attacks were made not only on husbandmen toiling in the field, but on their families, in the silent hour of midnight. The border war prevailed until 1790, when an expedition was undertaken by General Harmer, by order of the United States against the villages on the Miami; the Americans sustained a signal defeat. In May and August, 1791, the efforts of Generals Scott and Wilkinson against the tribes bordering on the Wabash and Tippecanoe, produced but little effect in protecting the settlements, or promoting the spirit of emigration. Washington, then President of the United States, urged on Congress the necessity of sending an efficient force to protect the exposed frontier, and General St. Clair was appointed commander. He was a scientific and intelligent officer; engaged in active service during our revolution; brave and intrepid in time of battle; magnanimous and just, but generally unfortunate. The infirmities of age had now overtaken him, disease had so far shattered his frame that in passing over the Susquehanna at Columbia, his aids were obliged to assist him in getting up the banks of the river. It was, therefore,



greatly to be regretted both for his country and his own fame, that he accepted the appointment. So it was, however, that our army was attacked by a numerous body of Indians early on the morning of November 4, 1791, near the St. Mary, emptying into the Miami of the Lakes, on the spot where Fort Recovery was afterwards built in 1794, in the county now called Mercer, State of Ohio. Our forces amounted to one thousand four hundred rank and file; the right wing commanded by the lamented General Butler of Pennsylvania, the left by Colonel Darke. About half an hour before sunrise, immediately after parade, a furious assault was made on the militia in advance: they fled in confusion, creating disorder among the regulars, who had been formed on firing the first gun. In vain did the officers attempt to restore order; the van and rear divisions were soon engaged; the weight of the fire was greatest at the centre of each wing, where the artillery was posted; the artillerists were mowed down; the enemy almost entirely concealed by the woods, but seen occasionally springing from their coverts and advancing nearly to the mouth of the field pieces, fighting with unprecedented fury and desperation, stimulated by the deepest revenge and animosity. St. Clair beheld the flower of his army and many of his most accomplished officers fall in heaps before his eyes. At this crisis he ordered Darke to charge with the bayonet, who drove the enemy from his position with his usual gallantry, but for want of riflemen could not continue the pursuit. The Indians returned and penetrated the camp; Darke, assisted by Butler and Clarke, made a second charge with success; recovered the artillery and drove the enemy before him. But these exertions were not sustained, so that a concentrated effort could not be made, and the loss of officers increased every moment. Among these was Captain Joseph Darke, youngest son of the Colonel, who inspired with the courage of his sire fell in the midst of the battle by a shot through both jaws, and died after twenty-seven days of unparalleled suffering at Fort Hamilton, where Cincinnati now stands. His father saw him fall, paused for a moment and rushed on again to the contest. The retreat soon commenced, and extraordinary as it may seem, Darke arrived that evening at Fort Jefferson, thirty miles from the scene of action, with the body of his son, on a horse litter, although he was himself wounded in the thigh, and liable to be slain or captured by the enemy. Here the father with fond anxiety watched over the noble form of his dying son, administered to his wants, endeavored to assuage his pains, closed his eyes, and committed him to the earth. The brave but unfortunate youth "was by strangers honored and by strangers mourned." No one of taste can but admire the splendid painting of Raphael, where the Trojan hero is preparing to carry off his aged father Anchises, accompanied by his wife Creusa, and his son Ascanius. Enfeebled by age and sorrow, Anchises has just seated himself on the shoulders of his son, which are covered with the skin of a lion, and receives from the hands of the sorrowful Creusa who stands on the steps of the portico, the exiled gods of his house: the young

Ascanius presses affectionately the hand of his father and seems to indicate by inspiration the obscure way which their protecting goddess willed them to take. We see Darke on this occasion carrying out into practice that principle of affection so deeply seated in the human breast, which had added such thrilling interest to the poet's song, and demonstrating that his own self-preservation was subordinate to that of his son. In this ill-fated engagement, our loss was thirty-eight commissioned officers killed; five hundred and ninety-three non-commissioned officers and privates slain and missing; twenty-one officers wounded, and two hundred and forty-two non-commissioned officers and privates wounded. The love of plunder alone prevented the utter annihilation of our army.—The Indians numbered from one thousand five hundred to two thousand. A council of war was held at Fort Jefferson as to the course most proper to be pursued. Darke urged the expediency of an immediate attack and contended that the Indians might now be beaten, because they were flushed with victory and unprepared for the contest. He was, however, overruled, and soon after returning to his farm never again repaired to "the tented field."—He was summoned to Philadelphia in 1792, to give evidence before the committee appointed by Congress to investigate the causes of the failure of the expedition. St. Clair was adjudged to have been *unfortunate*.

For many years Darke lived retired from the world, promoting the welfare of his friends and neighbors, relieving the wants of the poor and unfortunate, and diffusing happiness among his associates. One unpropitious event occurred, however, to mar his comforts, which it is proper to notice. He accepted an invitation to mortal combat from one of his old companions in arms, and appeared on the ground. The quarrel was compromised. It is greatly to be lamented that this approved soldier ever worshipped at the shrine of this Gothic custom, and that he failed to imitate the example of Marshal Turenne, who, living in a chivalric age, yet refused to slake his vengeance in the blood of a misguided youth who had inflicted on him great personal indignity; or like our own Washington, who declined an interview with General Charles Lee, thereby adding his testimony before an admiring world, that duelling binds no laurels on the soldier's brow. The health of General Darke began now to decline; the rapid decay of his bodily powers gave him notice that soon the tired wheels of nature would stand still; his giant frame sunk under disease; the courage of Achilles could not arrest the shaft of death: on the 20th of November, 1801, he was no more.

Nelson once said in the midst of a bloody engagement, "Victory, or Westminster Abbey!" The whole fleet responded to the sentiment and success crowned his arms. Although America boasts of no Westminster Abbey, where the deeds of our warriors are kept fresh in memory, and serve as a powerful incentive to chivalric daring, yet may the descendant of Darke point to his lonely grave and say, that the recollection of his services is enshrined in the hearts of his grateful countrymen.

## A VISIT TO THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

AOUSIA, (Αἰούσα) ISLAND OF PAROS,  
August 10th, 1825.

DEAR —: We anchored in this out of the way, but snug, land-locked harbor, yesterday. It stands on the north side of the island, and is surrounded by arid hills. On the west side, and upon an islet in the centre of the port, are some ruins of magazines for provisions and military stores; built by the Russians, who established a depot here in the last century, at the time that Catherine, with equal cruelty and treachery, excited the Greeks to rebellion against their Turkish masters, and abandoned them to their revenge. On the east side, stands the miserable town, consisting of one-storied square-roofed hovels, wretched beyond description or belief; with a dilapidated Martello tower at the water's edge, composing its sole defence. The streets, or rather alleys, are arched over and filled by a lounging population; each individual being in his proper person, the very beau ideal of the shabby picturesque, but so little given to locomotion that, at the first glance, the only sign of animation in the whole town seemed to proceed from some six or seven windmills whirling their broad arms in remarkable contrast with the laziest and dullest landscape you can conceive. With so little to excite our interest in the neighborhood of our anchorage, you may suppose we were delighted to find ourselves within visiting distance of the famous Grotto of Antiparos; and early in the day following our arrival, I made one of a party of three to explore the greatest natural wonder of the Ægean sea.— The services of the ship's pilot, as interpreter and guide, had already been forestalled, and we were equally unfortunate in our attempts to obtain asses or mules; every quadruped in the place having been put into requisition by the numerous parties from the squadron, all afraid of seeing the signal for sailing flying from the mast-head of the commodore, before they should have gratified their curiosity. Not to have seen "the grotto" would have been quite a reproach; which, rather than incur, we resolved to foot it as far as Parekia, a town situated at the south side of the island and occupying the site of its ancient capital. After landing at Aousia, our Palinurus, who, as cicerone to the lieutenants, began to feel his importance, as a special favor engaged one of the natives to officiate as guide; stipulating, at our request, that his first service should be to introduce us to some place of provender, the better to prepare us for a tramp which promised to be sufficiently rugged and weary. Accordingly we threaded the mazes of sundry of those same dark alleys, lined by squalid islanders of all ages, sexes and sizes, until we were ushered into an obscure shop, the proprietor of which was vending his little stock of caviar, bread, and goat's cheese, to his customers; using for a weight a piece of Parian marble, and



the equally primitive and classical envelope of a fig leaf. To the articles just mentioned, by a general contribution of the neighbors of mine host, we were enabled to add a few eggs, which we ordered to be hard boiled, having been premonished by the appearance of every thing around us, that some regard must be paid to original simplicity, and that ancient tradition, by which we learn that "fingers were made before forks." Having speedily discussed this simple cheer, you may imagine the trio industriously pursuing their journey. The first part of our route lay through stony fields, overrun by numerous varieties of the thistle, and bespeaking little in favor of the goodness of the soil or the zeal of its cultivators; until arriving at a farm house, our guides prevailed upon the peasants to accommodate us with asses; and as the face of the country bore, at the same time, marks of improvement, our spirits and expectations revived in proportion.

The country houses, (as cramped in their dimensions as the hut of Diogenes) do not differ essentially from those already described; having, however, generally, the addition of a wine press, built also of stone, which, like the barns of some of our farmers, is not unfrequently the most imposing structure in the establishment. As we jogged along we had ample opportunity of seeing the laborer "under his own vine and fig tree;" and while we yielded him the palm, as far as the picturesque was concerned, we could hardly avoid making a few common-place comparisons in favor of our own sturdy yeomanry, even though obliged to take turnip fields, shingle-roofed frame houses, and other equally unpoetical associations into the account.

If, however, we had no praises to bestow upon the cultivators or their agricultural attainments, we eyed with unqualified approbation the vines which were suffered to spread themselves in unfettered luxuriance over many fields, disclosing such rich and inviting clusters, as to make one's mouth water at the bare reminiscence. Our pioneer, anxious to add a few paras to the promised reward for his services, helped us abundantly to the finest of each variety within reach, and we trotted along merrily, looking for all the world like a troop of Bacchanals, though we could not prevail upon the most portly of our companions to ride backwards, that the personification of Silenus might be more exact. At the risk of being accused of prolixity, I will endeavor to give you a faint idea of the coursers we bestrode on this occasion. You know the little long-eared animal well enough to render a personal description unnecessary; but some traits of his behavior and equipment in these "isles of Greece," are requisite to complete the picture of a jaunt to Antiparos. In the first place, there's the bridle's proxy, a halter of rope, which, as it is only attached to one side of the animal's mouth, answers no purpose of guidance or check; then there is the saddle's apology, composed of two wooden forks or yokes; one fitted just behind the shoulders of the beast, and another over his loins, connected together on either side by strong longitudinal bars of the same material; the ends of which being secured well

up towards the apex of the yoke, afford two uncushioned surfaces for the convenience, shall I say? of the rider; in short, a sort of multiplication of the excruciating evils of riding bare-backed. A punster of the party, (what bores such people are,) observed that he had heard of riding *post* before, but this was riding *rail*; but I assure you we only forgave him this perpetration, upon his entering the plea that it was jolted from him. Having endeavored to ameliorate your miseries by placing beneath you every disposable article of baggage, or even apparel, you sit sideways and seize hold of the aforesaid bars, shutting fast your jaws in a sort of desperate resignation, and committing yourself to destiny, an ideality well personified by your vociferous guide who, with no end but that of the journey in view, runs at your donkey's heels, goading him on with a sharp pointed stick, stunning you the while with a Romaic war song, and paying little or no attention to your requests to go faster or slower, as the prospect around you grows lively or dull. In the meantime, *Asinus* is not always so well disposed to patience, in spite of his proverbial reputation for that virtue, the want of which he frequently betrays by stopping suddenly short in the height of his career, while you go over his head and he over you in return; by rubbing your legs against the salient portions of all the numerous stone walls you encounter in your road, finishing not unfrequently by an evolution, which may be described as a combination of rearing, plunging and kicking, causing you to perform another evolution in the air which beggars description; of so ludicrous a character, however, as to utterly deprive your more fortunate companions of the power of sympathy, convulsing them with laughter even before they have ascertained that there are no bones broken. You are a happy man if you land in as soft a place as the dust, "*vis a vis*" to the author of your discomfiture, sounding his triumphal *echaw* over you, loud and long; his ears raking backwards close to his head, his mane, and even the very tuft that terminates his tail, bristling with inflexibility; his whole attitude, in short, bespeaking him the very *Palafox* of donkeys, resolved upon "*war to the hoof*." But to pursue our way. We kept onward through a defile of mountains formed by the chain of the *Marpessus* to the eastward, and a line of lesser eminences which obstructed our view of the sea to the westward, at length expanding gradually until it opened into a spacious amphitheatre, the arena of which was beautifully diversified by vineyards and groves of orange, pomegranate, and fig trees. In the distance, the smoke from the solitary shepherd's fire, rose almost perpendicularly in the stillness of the atmosphere, curling gracefully upward, until it mingled with the veil-like cloud that gathered round the mountain top, from whence the eye descending rested upon the browsing flocks and the numerous Greek chapels which are scattered over the landscape. At length we came to a small rivulet, bordered with shrubbery, and shortly afterwards the town of *Parekia* appeared in view.

As distances are calculated in the east by the time it takes to travel them, it depends very much upon the bottom of your steeds.

how far it is from Aousa to Parekia; but allowing, as is customary, three miles to the hour, it may be estimated at two leagues. The houses are built chiefly of materials taken from the wreck of the ancient city, the interesting memorials of which are scattered through the fields, or carelessly mingle in the construction of a hovel or inclosure with the more common material which nature has abundantly placed at hand. There, many an ignoble dwelling, composed of ornamental fragments inverted, inscriptions and defaced coats of arms, stands at once the monument of Grecian, Roman, and Venetian power. The same sad "sermon in stones" is every where repeated in these classic regions of early energy, matured taste, luxury, effeminacy and decline, uniting but too sickening a picture of present misery with its eloquent history of departed grandeur. On entering the town we alighted at the principal church, a primary object of curiosity in the estimation of our guide. Its outside appearance was plain and neat, and the shade its court yard afforded looked quite inviting after our dusty ride.—The interior exhibited the usual display of portraits of saints and saintesses, wretchedly daubed on a gold ground, to all appearance with the devout view of avoiding the slightest infringement of the second article of the decalogue; and the miraculous impression of a foot in the solid rock, which composed the floor of an inner apartment of the church, was pointed out to us as an object worthy of our deepest reverence. Without being able, however, to discover who painted so horribly, or trod so heavily, we dropped our largess into the hand of the sacristan, and made our best bow to the priest, who gave us a look which intimated pretty plainly that we might have been less delicate in bestowing our donation without incurring any risk of offending his clerical dignity. We were next conducted to the house of his Britannic Majesty's consul, who, without even understanding a word of English, resorts to the flag for protection in case of invasion, or uses it as a sign, according to circumstances. On this occasion he had only the part of host to perform, and promising to furnish us with a dinner on our return, he introduced us to Signore Spiridion Valsimachi, a Cephalonian skipper, who spoke English and French intelligibly; under whose auspices we took a ramble through the town. After reconducting us, as a matter of course, to the church already mentioned, he next led the way to the water side to see a castle which he assured us was of the highest antiquity; which, however, turned out to be a sort of composite affair, built, probably, in the middle ages, during the hurry of defensive preparation, from the ruins of many noble edifices; pieces of ornamental marble, bearing inverted or interrupted inscriptions; and sections of massive shafts, looking like so many huge grindstones, being introduced endwise into various parts of the wall, imparting to the whole structure quite a harlequin appearance. From a conspicuous block, at an angle of the building, we espied the following broken inscription, the interpretation of which I leave to the ingenuity of the learned:

ΑΗΡΩΕΑΣΑΝΕΘΗΚΕΝΑΡΧΟΝΤΟΕΜΕΝ.



In the interior is a small dome, which bears marks of earlier origin; the stone of which it is built being so far decomposed as almost to crumble under the touch. After looking out on the bay for some time, and purchasing a noseless bust and a few *antiques* of Russian and Venitian coinage from a squalid female for a handful of paras, we returned to the inn, (I beg his Majesty's consul's pardon, to the consulate,) where we dined upon a pilaff, done, as all pilaffs are, to rags; and then most orientally regaled ourselves with a pipe of a good cloth yard, the narcotic effects of which, made us forget the traveller's wholesome motto: "*carpe diem*," and defer our proposed visit to the Marpessus quarries until our return from the grotto; a postponement which cost us the sight, for that time at least, of the great store-house from whence Phidias and Praxiteles once drew material for their unrivalled works. The next most material, if not the best thing to be done, was to take a siesta; but the fleas had appointed a committee of vigilance that performed its duty to the letter; and so you may imagine us uniting in a drowsy attempt to recall the early history of Paros; in which, I have no doubt, as I add the result of our classical reminiscences, you will be somewhat apt to participate; especially if not prevented by the troublesome intruders that interposed to disturb our enjoyment of a more agreeable if not so rational an amusement.

Parekia, as I believe I have before mentioned, stands on the site of ancient Paros. You may remember, (and in case you do not, I commend you to our ancient friend Cornelius Nepos for the history,) that Miltiades, after his successes at Marathon, besieged the city, and raised the blockade in six and twenty days. The inhabitants were at one time on the point of surrendering, and desired to capitulate, but seeing a great fire on the side of a neighboring island, they supposed it to be a signal for succor, whereupon the capitulation was broken off. This gave rise to the proverb "to keep one's word after the Parian manner;" a reproach, by the way, quite as well deserved by the modern Parians, who, in point of mendacity, at least, have not degenerated from their ancestors. Besides the two greatest statuaries of antiquity, we have to number among the worthies of Paros, the satiric poet Archilochus. It is said that he courted Neobule, the daughter of Lycambes, and received promises of marriage, but the father preferred a suitor of higher rank and fortune; upon which Archilochus, instead of hanging himself as some lovers would have done in despair, wrote so bitter a satire, that Lycambes committed the rash act himself. According to Pliny, Parian marble was alone used in adorning the frontispiece of the famous labyrinths in Egypt, which ranked among the wonders of the world; the porticos of Greece were also embellished with the same material.

The celebrated Arundelian marbles, containing in a perfect state a complete chronological detail of the principal events of Greece, during a period of one thousand three hundred and eighteen years, from the foundation of the Athenian monarchy, to the year 264,

A. C., were found here by Mr. De Peirsic, a Frenchman, purchased by the Earl of Arundel, and presented by his grandson, in the year 1667, to the University of Oxford. So much for the "notabilia" of Paros; as for its history, the principal event, of it may be summed up in a sentence. It was first peopled by the Phœnicians, and afterwards settled by a colony of Cretans. The Athenians made war against it and took it, because it had assisted the Persians in the invasion of Greece, and it became a Roman province in the age of Pompey. Its present state is the very antithesis of its condition as described by Cornelius, who calls it "an island elated with its riches." The population is struggling with the combined evils of want, anarchy and disease, and is greatly augmented by fugitives from the persecutions of the "malignant Turk." In the evening a party, on their return from the grotto, and some of our shipmates bound there, but who had touched at "the quarries," arrived well broiled and fatigued, each giving his account of what he had seen, as his jaunt suited his particular fancy. All agreed, however, upon the necessity of serious eating, and Consul Elefteris Sardo's larder was again put into requisition. While we were at supper, the military chief of the town came in with the commander of a Greek brig-of-war, just arrived in the port, to announce some successes over the Turkish arms in the Morea. We all testified our pleasure at this intelligence, and the chieftain, a handsome, soldier-like looking young Greek, in return for the compliment, drank success, with continuance, to the liberties of America. He was equipped in the Albanian costume, which resembles so closely the antique dress, excepting those parts which improvement in the art of war has rendered cumbrous and useless. He had sworn, he told us, to wear no other until the freedom of his country was achieved; and all looked with interest and admiration at his determined and firm countenance as he gave his toast and retired to spread the news of the victory from house to house. The Greek commander had his son with him, an interesting and beautiful boy of about ten years of age, dressed like his elders in arms, and begirt with a sword almost as long as himself. Upon being asked what he intended to do with it, he replied spiritedly, "I am going to fight for my country." Lieutenant —— was so pleased with his manner, that he very generously offered his father to take the boy under his protection until the close of the revolution, engaging, in case of accident happening to the father, to clothe and educate him: in short, to adopt him as his own son. The father seemed to appreciate the advantages of the offer and expressed his gratitude for it; but, said he, "my boy is the only relative I have; the Turks murdered his mother, brothers, sisters, and all, at Ipsara; we escaped together, and he may as well die now in fighting the battles of his country with me, as live to fight for America with you hereafter." Lieutenant —— gave his name, with that of another officer who joined in his proposal; and at length the Greek promised if they should meet again, and he could make up his own mind and reconcile his boy to the change, he

would reconsider it. A dollar was then slipped into the child's hands, who returned it with an air of proud civility, which pleased us all, as it was the first case of the kind we had seen in this part of the world. It was pressed upon him again, and he threw it in a chair by him, and left it there. There was a spark of Spartan fire about this urchin that made us hope that—

“Greece may still be free.”

The night was spent in vain attempts at repose; those who could find a place to stretch their limbs being no better off than those who could not; all being fully employed in active attempts to repel swarms of invaders, which, in our land of mops and brooms, are banished to the abodes of the canine and feline race. The Greeks, and the Greeks only, could sleep: extended at full length upon the stone floor, wrapped in their capotes, they tantalized us the livelong night by snoring a thorough-bass accompaniment to the groans and interjections of the restless voyagers, who wished for the ingenious Frenchman, who has recently succeeded in harnessing a pair of these merciless tormentors in a cherry-stone phaeton, that he might exercise his talents upon a more extensive scale.

The morning's dawn found us all of the opinion that we had cause for congratulating ourselves and the world at large, that the elephant, and other animals of size, are not endowed proportionately with the agility and malignity of that blood-thirsty little pest, the flea. Hastening to the water's side, we embarked with empty stomachs, in a crank boat and a heavy sea, for the opposite shore of Antiparos. The souls of the most experienced navigators amongst us began to sicken before we landed, and the landsmen who were with us looked like so many passengers of ancient Charon, a personification of whom we had in our ferryman; nor was the resemblance wanting to his leaky skiff, in the crazy ferry-boat in which we crossed the dark and stormy water. At the distance of a few hundred yards from the landing-place, we came to the capital, I presume, of Antiparos, another town of the composite order, abounding in donkeys and vociferous Greeks; the latter quarrelling for the first chance to impose upon us. We gave the preference to a native, who ushered us into the second story of his house, (the first is occupied by the asses,) and furnished us with a little sour wine and some curdled milk, while he despatched the others to ransack the henroosts for fresh eggs. Breakfast being over, the cavalcade sat out with fresh donkeys and increased numbers; not, however, as Goldsmith, with more elegance than accuracy, describes the jaunt “through the midst of beautiful plains and sloping woodlands,” but up, over and down sundry stony hills, the down-going of which I shall be cautious how I call a gentle slope, lest some reckless traveller should, upon my representation, break his neck before he discovers the poesy of my description.



Who has not laughed at Fielding's caricature of Commodore Trunnion's beating to windward on horseback, to his wedding? If you had been present at our journey to the Grotto, you might have realized the scene, as our sagacious little steeds moved from side to side, to avoid the slippery shistore declivities, tacking in succession, beginning at the van, and performing the evolution with as much regularity as if they had sailed in the fleet all their lives. Nothing could be more ludicrous than to see the troop urged on by the goads of the voluble Greeks, who followed at our heels, jabbering and punching the little long-eared steeds, whose pipe-stem shanks seemed to be but a perilous support to equestrians who, unused to this novel mode of locomotion, eyed the precipice by the side of which we pursued our route with unqualified suspicion. At length we alighted near the Grotto, and stopped to draw breath and prepare our cords and lights to descend. While our guides were making the necessary arrangements, we had time to examine the entrance. A vaulted opening in the mountain's side yawned to receive us, and you no doubt imagine it, as it is written, "so horrid as to repress curiosity;" alas for this matter-of-fact age that we live in. Some of the many explorators assembled, quietly lit their segars and sipped their brandy and water; other some grumbled as the discontented do at the non-ascension of an æronaut, voting the whole affair a take in; and my mathematical friend Y——, bent as he always is upon adding a new wrinkle to his stock of knowledge, might be seen, memorandum book and pencil in hand, muttering as he glanced at the roof and paced the other dimensions of the vestibule—"forty feet wide; thirty deep, and about fifteen feet high." Near the middle of this archway stands the large mass of stalagmite, which goes by the name of the "Giant of the Cave," resembling more nearly, however, the school boys' "man of snow," than any thing I can think of; and to the left, upon a quadrangular tablet, rudely chiseled for the purpose, the scarcely legible remains of a Greek inscription, recording perhaps the earliest visit to the Grotto.

The guides having announced that the preparations were completed, we commenced our descent through a narrow hole, just large enough to admit the body, by a rope made fast to a column of spar, the Greeks preceding us with their torches. As we proceeded far enough to catch, through "darkness visible," a glimpse of the chasm beneath, I must plead guilty to an ugly shiver, as I remembered we were all supported in a great measure by a single cord, not quite two inches in circumference, chafing moreover upon all the numerous stony projections between us and daylight. An illustration of "*facilis descensus Averno*" may make a very good paragraph in friend Poulson's Daily, thought I, but I pray not to be one of the mournful causes of its insertion. For some distance our course lay obliquely downward; our eyes dazzled by the flaring of the torches, in such a way that there was no positive ocular demonstration of the fallacy of any picture of horror which a timid imagination might conjure up; and the guides, besides mystifying

us in this way, took care to magnify our danger, and, at the same time, heighten the value of their services by seizing us officiously by the ancles, and planting our toes (there was no room for feet) in holes in the rock, so as not to leave our weight entirely dependent upon our hands. After descending with our bodies inclined over the chasm for some time, we came at last to an abrupt precipice; here the rope was attached to a Jacob's ladder, nautically so called, by which we reached at last a vast uneven floor of brown stalagmite. The scene which now burst upon our view was worthy of the pencil of Salvator. We stood some forty fathoms below the roof of the grotto, and at more than three times that distance, in an oblique direction, a bright gleam of light darted from the entrance, revealing the dizzy ledge, for I may not call it path, down which the remainder of our companions were cautiously picking their way; their forms boldly relieved and finely contrasted by the flashing torches and wild picturesque costume of their guides, so that you might fancy them a company of captive travellers led by banditti to their subterranean donjon keep. On either side of this groupe, the light gradually melted into that "dim religious tone," which assists the imagination, vaguely disclosing a vast concave profusely hung with every variety of stalactite ornament, now descending in inverted spires and capricious fret work, now uniting with the massive stalagmite beneath, to form the huge columns which seemed the pillars of the everlasting hills. It is, in short, a great cathedral made without hands, which the Almighty architect has placed here to claim the wonder and reverence, perhaps to abase the pride, of his creatures. The Marquis de Nointel, while ambassador from France to the Ottoman Porte, with the romantic piety which characterized his times, consecrated this place, and celebrated there the nativity of our Saviour, with the imposing ritual observance of the Roman church. A hundred large torches and as many lamps were kept burning night and day, during the Christmas holidays he passed in the cave. High mass was solemnized, and upon the elevation of "the host," a signal being given, a volley was fired at the entrance of the grotto, which resounded at the same moment with loud and solemn strains of instrumental music. We found the portion of the grotto selected for this ceremony, (which should be called De Nointel's chapel,) by far the most worthy of admiration of any thing we had seen. Concentrating our torches to examine it with better effect, the light struck full upon an altar of pure spar, rising to the height of about fifteen feet, like a gushing fountain suddenly congealed. Around it hung numerous large and beautiful stalactites, one of great symmetry in the shape of an ear-pendant descending immediately over it, and close at hand to the right appeared a glittering gallery, or corridor, which the guides had illuminated from behind, showing to great advantage ranges of perfectly translucent pillars. At the base of the altar we read this inscription, commemorating the consecration:

HIC IPSE CHRISTVS  
ADSVIT ETEJVS NATALI  
DIE MEDIA NOCTE  
CELEBRATO  
MDCLXXIII

While we lingered near this spot, at each moment finding some new object of interest, one of the party suddenly discovered that we had not yet got to the bottom of the cave; we had some difficulty, however, in persuading the Greeks to lead the way, as they were all busily employed in hammering off specimens for their future profit, and declared with their usual veracity, that we could go no lower; but finding us positive, at length they consented, and down we all scampered an inclined plane of some fifty or sixty paces further, to what we supposed to be the "*ne plus ultra*;" lower, we believe, than the earlier travellers have penetrated. Many fine concretions are shown in this last descent, to which fancy has assigned as many forms; the most conspicuous, which is on the left hand as you go down, the Greeks call the Virgin and her child; and it is the best embodied idea of them all, being really not very unlike the first intention or blocking out of some bold sculptor. I have now given you, I fear, a very prolix, but I believe a faithful account of the interior. If you compare it with the glowing description from that gifted pen

"Which every thing it touched, adorned,"

you will doubtless experience some of the disappointment which most of our party felt when they first landed upon the floor of the great hall, as it is called, and looked around them for "solid icicles, transparent as glass, magnificent columns, thrones and altars." With few exceptions the concretions are now covered with a limy dust, and in many instances blackened by the torches of visitors, and it is only where they have been fractured to obtain specimens, that they are brilliant; and yet with all these disadvantages, some of them the fruit of time: all lovers of the curious and sublime, who have an opportunity, should explore the cavern. Loading our attendants with many a plundered stalactite, we retraced our steps with less difficulty than we had anticipated, in spite of the "*sed revocare gradum*," duly quoted on the occasion. Still the ascent, though more agreeable as you face the light, is not without its peculiar inconveniences, such as a shower of small stones kicked down upon your head by your predecessor, an occasional slackening of the rope suddenly to make you believe it has parted, to say nothing of the chance of having your eye poked out by the fall of a conical specimen, which some amateur mineralogist is lugging to the light of day, and quits when both of his hands are called in sudden requisition for the preservation of his body. It was a relief when we emerged from the grotto, and inhaled once more the pure breeze, and looked out again upon the blue ocean and the scattered Cyclades. Another rough ride and we found ourselves in the little town from whence we had procured our donkeys in the morn-



ing. Some ten or fifteen cents a piece paid for their hire, and the attendance of their owners, and our breakfast was proportionately cheap; but the money was to be shared apparently by the whole population, and we were detained and deafened by the conflicting claims of landlords, ass drivers, and other vociferous Antiparians, assisted in the finale by the donkeys and the whole canine tribe—"tray, blanche, and sweetheart, little dogs and all," they barked at us; at last our pilot, who was sole arbiter in the matter, and had been trying for a good half hour to adjust each separate claim with all his powers of voice and gesticulation, broke away from them in dudgeon, swearing in good round English, and devoting them to the Turks or the devil, synonymous benedictions, according to his interpretation. Again we crossed the straits, leaving the litigious islanders, as the waves drowned their clamor, in fine pantomimic action upon the shore, where they had followed us. The wind blew so hard that we landed to leeward of Parekia, and were obliged to walk there, some of the party picking up asses by the way. Another dinner at Consul Sardo's, and we prepared to return to the ship. Mine host had "kept his faith after the Parian manner," having hired my promised steed to the first bidder; I was compelled, therefore, to perform the distance to Aousa on foot, which I did with the greatest good will, as my bones were still aching with the effects of the morning's jolt over the rugged hills of Antiparos. You may imagine, then, my perfect satisfaction, when after a cool bath and a change of clean linen, I found myself snug in my hammock on board the "Old Ironsides," invoking, with Sancho, "blessing on the man that first invented sleep."

Yours,

ORION.

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#### A TRIP TO MICHILIMACKINAC.

The steamboat Michigan left Detroit with a large party on board, destined for the Upper Lakes. Lake St. Clair and the river of the same name afford sufficient variety to keep one agreeably amused on deck. The approach to Fort Gratiot and the entrance of Lake Huron awaken a deeper interest. Turning somewhat abruptly a bend in the river, the military work on its right bank breaks conspicuously on the eye, with its white embattlements and waving flag. The river here forms a curve, like a bent bow, the fort standing just where the head of the arrow would rest. Its base is some forty feet above the river, on the brink of a bank withdrawn a few yards from the water's edge, having a plain in its rear bounded by a dense forest, which forms a back ground of fine color and outline for the prominent objects in front. Lake Huron pours

itself into this strait over a slope which descends a few feet in the course of as many hundred yards, giving the waters a rapidity that is stemmed with difficulty. Looking upwards from the fort, the swift and boiling current in the centre is most distinctly marked from the dead waters formed by the eddies on each side. Beyond, expanding indefinitely before the view, is the lake. The whole scene is in keeping with its magnitude.

Our boat ascended rapidly to the foot of these agitated waters, where it felt the broad lake strongly breasting its advancement. Here its speed was at once retarded, until, occasionally, it seemed to falter and almost pause, as if the struggle between its powerful engine and the rushing element were about to terminate in our discomfiture; but the victory was soon decided. Passing steadily by two or three schooners which were at anchor there awaiting a stronger wind, we perceived that we were slowly surmounting the formidable barrier, and should soon attain another step in the ascending scale of our great interior waters. There is something almost sublime in thus mounting upon the floods to such a height above the ocean, and we feel a new pride in the

“Land of broad lakes, and lifter-up of proud  
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.”

Fortunately we had moderate weather in passing Saganaw bay, that Cape Horn of Lake Huron. Every one expects a toss there, but we skimmed along from Point aux Barques to Point au Sable, without inconvenience to the most sensitive stomach. The chops of this bay are wide, and the bay itself has great depth, from the bottom of which to the other side of Lake Huron there is a longer sweep for winds than is found at any other point. Hence they produce more disturbance there than at other places, and where winds are strong and prevalent, there are likely to be much cloud gathering and storm breeding, and consequently during summer much thunder. This is doubtless the cause why Heaven's artillery plays so frequently there, and not, as Carver and many other travellers have shrewdly conjectured, that there exists in that region any peculiar electrical origin of the phenomenon.

The outer of the Thunder Bay islands is the site of a light-house, the lamp of which is kept trimmed and burning by a family, whose nearest neighbors are about two hundred miles distant. The chief of these insular recluses regards himself as a sort of Napoleon on his sort of St. Helena; but he catches his few fish and raises his fewer potatoes in perfect contentment—thus rising superior to his great prototype. But the lamp-lighter is a willing exile, having given up the world for something like three hundred dollars per annum!

“Middle Island,” “Presque Isle,” and “False Presque Isle,” are land marks which indicate the various stages of progress from Thunder Bay towards Mackinac. The course of the boat is at such a distance from the shore that nothing is distinctly seen excepting the unbroken forest, but we know that not an inhabitant

dwells there; that no smoke ever rises in the whole range of the coast, save from the temporary fire of a wandering savage. While gazing on this vast solitude, this "boundless contiguity of shade," and forgetful, in the absorbing contemplations of the moment, of all objects immediately around, how one is startled at the sound of the steamer's bell, which announces a meal, when, going below, he finds himself in the midst of luxury, and surrounded by fashion and taste, one instant after he thought himself lost, as it were, in a sterile desert. Such contrasts give a peculiar zest to a trip on the lakes. On the North river all without and all within is harmony, and may become monotony; but here the scenes change as by the wand of an enchanter. We see ourselves in the midst of unoccupied, unimproved, apparently unimprovable nature. Presto! and we are in a circle of elegance and refinement, seated at a table which Aladdin's lamp would seem to have suddenly conjured up in the wilderness. Extremes here meet and mingle in strange fellowship. Thus it is on the lakes. The mind is excited, the feelings are roused, and the eye can scarcely find leisure or power to obey their promptings.

In such a long trip, all things cannot be timed to suit one's wishes. It was desirable to approach Mackinac towards sunset. The light then thrown on the island, to a spectator coming in our direction, exhibits its outline to the best advantage. It then assumes that bold and castellated form, which makes it appear less the work of nature than some stupendous work of art. It must have been under such lights and at such an hour, that the simple savage approached it with that superstitious admiration which it is said to have inspired in his breast. But the day, though at its longest, was not long enough to suit our purposes. As we neared the island of Bois Blanc, which is about twelve miles from Mackinac, we saw gradually rise, over its low point, a blue swell of land, which was said to be the goal of our wishes. Every dip of the quick revolving paddles lessened the distance which separated us from it, but the faint twinkle in the lantern of the Bois Blanc light-house, as we came abreast of it, convinced us that the shadows of evening were settling too fast around us to leave objects at all remote much longer visible. We were, per force, contented with such glimpses as twilight allowed us, and soon either went below in disappointment, or continued sturdily to strain our eye balls through the darkness, until the clanking of the chain cable and the loud let-off of the boiler pipe, gave notice that we were about to anchor in the harbor of the island. Before the boat could swing to her moorings, a fleet of canoes was along side, which cast their crews on our deck as if they had been so many grass hoppers, when there was much *how d'ye doing* and more *comment s'raing*; and in the agitation caused by the counter current of comers and goers, we all seemed to be twirled about and about like so many chips in an eddy. At last things subsided into quiet for the night, when such as chose went silently to the side of the boat, in order to see all that could be seen, which was nothing more than a huge, dark mass, lifted



nearly midway to the heavens, and shutting out the view of nearly half the stars. At the base of it still gleamed several lights, marking the site of the village, while an occasional cry of "all's well," coming faintly down from the heights above, told us that the garrison had its eyry there.

As it had been intimated, soon after our anchor was cast, by the *Palinurus* of the trip, that we were to be off the next day by eight o'clock A. M., it behoved such of us as were desirous of seeing the lions of the island to be up betimes, and let not a ray of the morning be wasted. Such, therefore, were on deck at the screech of day. It was a beautiful hour for those whose eyes were clear of the dimness of recent and insufficient sleep. Not a cloud obscured the lightly tinted heavens, and the earth beneath had not yet lost a pearl of its dew. Such was our thought, though none of us, perhaps, expressed it at the time so prettily. Every eye was now turned to scan in full freedom the object which had been wrapped from its gaze the evening before. We found ourselves anchored in a little harbor, formed by two pebbly points which curved around like an ox's horns, leaving an opening of only a few hundred yards. Around the margin of this basin was ranged the village of Mackinac, on the westerly side exhibiting two or three streets of low, generally squalid looking buildings, while farther towards the east were two or three dwellings of a better order, a neat church or two, and farthest of all a large double-headed building, called the Mission-house. Just in the rear of this village, the bank rose nearly perpendicularly one hundred and forty or fifty feet, and, following with the eye a narrow pathway which appeared to be dug out of the precipitous acclivity, we came to the fort on the summit above. Here the eye gladly rested, as on the most striking object within its view.

At the point where the fort stands, the precipitous bank puts forth a spur, like a salient bastion, the foot of which projects into the village below. Along the lofty verge of this angle ran the walls of the fort, surmounted on the harbor side by a range of quarters, from whose piazza a biscuit might seemingly have been tossed into the water. Near the eastern bastion, at the termination of the ascending pathway we have before alluded to, is the gate, which at that height looked not much larger than a loophole. This eastern bastion rests on a massy crag, which stands out boldly from the bank, with here and there a stunted cedar shooting from its fissures, and one large stump, stripped of its bark, and silvery white with age, hanging by one or two of its roots, while the others scraggily flaunt forth into the air. This stump has long been the theme of wild tradition. When the Indians had more of the forest reminiscences about them than belong to the present generation, this relic of by-gone vegetation was pointed out by them as the mooring of canoes, the waters being then on a level with the base of the fort, and the island presenting above its surface only the upper plain, diminished to the narrow circle of Round island opposite, which

was at the same time, of course far beneath, the resort of white fish and the trout.

The glance we gave to these various features of the scene was only a hasty one, as the boat which was to set us on shore was soon at the gangway, when a few strokes of the oar placed us on the wharf at the beach. The first thing which attracted our attention there was the singular beauty and cleanliness of that beach, which was composed of small rounded and flattened limestone pebbles, with scarcely the slightest admixture of earth. A strand of biscuits, made of the purest flour, could not have been more neat and pretty.

When we came to the foot of the high bank, we had a choice of ways to ascend to the plain above, either by the pathway running up to the gate like a stairway fixed against a wall, or by a cartway which, starting from the same point, took a more devious and easy route under the western bastion to the rear of the fort. The latter was the farthest, though the most practicable, and, with the straightforwardness of uncalculating impatience, we struck up the former, slowly gaining upon the precipice, and availing ourselves of an excuse, which the constantly increasing beauty of the scene beneath us presented, as our bird's eye view of it became more and more elevated, to pause and recruit our exhausted breaths. Reaching the gateway we cast an inquiring eye up at the sentinel, who was stalking leisurely on his perch above it, to see whether there were prohibition in his musket; and, finding that he carried it still erect, and gave us only a passing glance, we freely mounted the many steps which brought us to the interior of the fort. The whole view which now met the sight was of dazzling whiteness, excepting two grassy slopes in opposite corners of the work. The parade was covered with the bleached limestone pebbles of the beach, and could scarcely have been more immaculate, had the whitewash brush, which evidently often passed over the sides of all the buildings, giving them the semblance of walls of snow, likewise included that in its operations.

Going out at the postern we found ourselves on a plain which gradually ascended towards the centre of the island, being cleared off a few hundred yards, and thence covered with a low growth of trees to the cone-like elevation, about one hundred and fifty feet above the fort, on which Fort Holmes stood. Our guide soon led us into a shady road, which meandered most pleasingly up the fast increasing ascent, until we reached the vicinity of the "Scull Rock," one of the *sights* of the island. Turning a few yards aside, we were at the base of an irregular cone of a rock, which had a cave of small width in its side, at the bottom of which tradition placed the charnel-house of the ancient aborigines of the island. Many a bone, brought irreverently forth to the light, perhaps by some curious anatomist, was strewed about the entrance, bearing evidence of the truth of the tradition.

But the chief interest given to this cave is the recorded and unquestionable fact that Henry, one of the few Englishmen who sur-

vived the massacre of old Mackinac in Pontiac's war, was secreted there by a friendly savage, who withdrew him from the vengeance of his associates in gratitude for some previous kindness. Henry says that he lay several days among the skeletons, expecting every hour to add one to their number, escaping such a fate only by the little inducement his pursuers had to seek for the living among the dead.

Leaving the gothic cemetery, we recommenced our task of ascent, wishing to be on the pinnacle of the island when the sun should rise on this world of islands and waters. It was a hard scramble by the path we took, which would have been a fitting place for scaling ladders. But enthusiasm is vigorous and persevering, and by humoring the foot in taking each step, and availing ourselves of such friendly assistance as twigs and branches extended towards us, we gained the summit, though at the expense of much breath and palpitation. There we saw the ruined walls of Fort Holmes, and, immediately mounting them, began to repay ourselves for all fatigue and loss of sleep, by a survey of a truly beautiful and magnificent natural panorama. We could stand, and turning a whole circuit on the heel, feast the eye with a continually attractive prospect. The hour was most propitious, and as the sun rose out of the Huron, and threw a stream of light along the straits, half illuminating Bois Blanc, Round island, and the more distant promontories of the main, leaving the other half still in a depth of shade that contrasted finely with the light, we gazed about us with swelling hearts, and went through all the gradations of eloquent exclamation, from the simple monosyllable to the full sentence of admiration.

Looking to the south, the summit sloped suddenly down some eighty or ninety feet to the plain below, with a dense growth of small trees in their brightest foliage clothing the whole undulating surface from its base to the verge of the island. On the right appeared Fort Mackinac, with its white walls, as far beneath us now as it was above us while on board the boat. We almost looked down into its parade, and felt some sympathy for the commanding officer who surrendered it at the outbreak of the war of 1812, as soon as he saw his summoners possessed of these commanding grounds; though, when we observed one of the cannons pointing up towards us, we began to think, as guns fire up at nearly the same range as down, one side might have stood nearly as good a chance as the other; but we were no engineers.

Fort Holmes was built by the English, at the time they held possession of the island after this event. It was constructed at great expense, having subterranean store-houses that would have garnered up provision for a long siege. They likewise tried to reach water, but without success, boring not then having come into vogue; its garrison might, therefore, have been dried out in a short siege. The Americans afterwards put up a block-house within the fort, whose tower-like form and waving flag used to form a handsome and striking topping-off to the island. One of our com-



manding officers, who had little consideration for fine views, took it down, and appropriated the timber to some other purpose below.

As we had seen the sun rise from this lofty eminence, so we would gladly have lingered on the same to see it set, had not an appetite for breakfast, (who could think of bread and butter at such a time?) an impatience to see the "Arch Rock," and the necessity of economising our work of admiration, prompted us to shorten present enjoyment, and hurry down towards the next object our guide had in store for us.

There are about eight or ten acres on this summit cleared up, part of them being enclosed as a potato field. The best potatoes in the world grow at Mackinac, and this plat of them looked very flourishing; but some of the ladies of our party said that it was too common a vegetable to monopolize such a romantic spot. She thought, and we all thought, save those who were thinking of breakfast more than of any thing else, that the wild rose, which grew abundantly without the enclosure, was much more in harmony with the spot. Our course lay along the brink of this summit, from which we had a view of the "Sugar Loaf Rock," which shoots up among the woods on the plain below, without rhyme or reason, to a height of some eighty or ninety feet, having a base of less than half that number of feet in diameter. Its name bespeaks its form. A few stunted cedars grow out of its sides and its top. What nourishment they find there would puzzle a horticulturist to determine. But vegetation is rather anomalous on this island, and these trees are not more unaccountable in their thrift than many a kind of garden "sauce," long and short, which is seen flourishing among pebbles where there is no more earth than in a stone wall. The Mackinackians do not regard earth as necessary in a garden, and perhaps would dispense with it even in a farm.

At the eastern termination of this summit we left its sunny opening, and plunged into a shady alley, leading down by a thousand capricious turns, to the plain below. The contrast was as midday and twilight. In some places we almost needed a lamp to our feet, so jealously was the light of heaven shut out by the interwoven foliage over our heads. Every now and then we emerged into a clearing. The whole ramble was a series of lights and shadows. Many a time and oft the guide was at fault before several paths, and we began to think we had got into an enchanted labarynth, which would require an Ariadne's clue to extricate us. And indeed it was a fair lady who in this instance took the lead in our dilemma, and finally by hook, but more by crook, guided us to the grand object of our ramble.

Emerging on a cleared space near the water, we saw before us a long knoll or ridge, which terminated at the verge of the precipitous bank. Ascending this knoll near that termination, we suddenly found ourselves at the brink of a huge aperture, presenting a view of the water more than a hundred and eighty feet down, under a rude arch of about thirty feet in its chord, and of a proportionate sweep. The outer abutment of this frolic of nature rested on the

beach, and was of the elevation just mentioned, standing at nearly right angles with the bank. The other was lost in the bank, and seemed to have its base on a shelf about eighty feet down, which shelf joined with the outer abutment and formed the base of the arch. Looking down, we could see a comparatively small arch through this outer abutment, which was said to lead to the beach below, the direct course through the main arch being over a perpendicular precipice.

After peeping through this singular vista in silent wonderment for some minutes, scanning the rocks which had thus been left in the upper air knitted together, as if masonry, with its keystone and skill, had been at work there, we scrambled up the left to where it juts out from the crest of the bank, and could see that its crown was scarcely a span's breadth. It was said that several fool-hardies had crossed it; but we believe the commanding officer of the garrison had issued an order prohibiting such hair-brained attempts in future, lest—not necks, but—the arch should be broken. We therefore avoided this short cut to the outer abutment, and contented ourselves with attaining it by a circuit. But even by this comparatively safe route there was enough of peril to call for heedful steps, the path to it being over a crest, some eight or ten feet long, which is about the breadth of a lean horse's back, and with a scarp on each side descending many a perch strait down. But there was a railing of bushes on one side, which stayed a faltering step ere life or limb was endangered.

We would gladly have made a long circuit round in order to have taken a view of this wondrous arch from the water, whence we were told that it was seen with increased effect, giving one a glimpse of the diminished sky through the opening by an upward glance, as we now looked down on the waters beneath, the speck of each thus caught by the eye hardly appearing to be a part of the wide spread heavens and lake, which were seen without the magic circle. But the inexorable steamer began to whiz out signs of approaching departure, and we hurriedly retraced our steps with as much matter-of-fact straitforwardness as our guide could lead us, not even pausing to muse on "Robinson's Folly," a projecting crag of one or two hundred feet perpendicular height, on which a British officer of that name—that is, Robinson—erected a summer-house, in which he used to take his after dinner wine and nap, and which he found one morning, not many hours after he had taken a goodly share of both, had tumbled headlong, with the jutting point of the crag, to the beach beneath, where it lay crushed and shattered into a thousand fragments. The officer, grateful that he had not been included in the tumble, is said to have made a vow that he would never drink any more where the fall, by any accident, could be farther than under the table.

We learnt, by the way, that a new wonder is to be disclosed as soon as it suits the convenience of the only person who is the depository of the secret to mark its locality. The account is, that a fissure is somewhere near the summit of the island, into which a

stone being thrown, is heard to descend "knickity knock," fainter and fainter, until it plashes into water. This account wants confirmation; but the rock of which Mackinac is composed, like that of Gibraltar, is very cavernous, and may have many a dark gallery or subterranean tunnel not yet come to light.

Ding! dong! went the steamer's bell, for the last time, and we stepped aboard as the last fast was just being loosed. We had but a cursory view of the island, but, little as we saw, we saw enough to convince us that it is one of the most picturesque spots in our country, and that ere long it will become a place of fashionable summer resort. So pleased were several persons of our party with its healthiness, its beauties, its white fish and trout, its etc., etc., that each one negotiated for a small lot for a six weeks' summer establishment; and another year many a cottage of that kind will be found rising up among the natural or artificial shrubbery, on the green slopes of the island, with all the advantages of prospect and pure air enjoyed by that of Mr. Folly Robinson, with no hazard of meeting with its fate. A hotel is likewise proposed for less leisurely sojourners, who may wish to come and go with the day, contented with such an inter-dawn-and-breakfast ramble as we were compelled to be satisfied with. Thus, when spirits no longer become sufficiently elastic by Springs, or become depressed by Falls, they will rise by going up to Mackinac, whence the beautiful river St. Mary's, and the father of waters, Lake Superior, are within easy reach. A Russian captain, who had travelled over all Europe, and half America, said he felt more pride in having washed his face and hands in that magnificent basin, than in any other one of his travelling achievements.

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## DUPIN'S NAVAL FORCE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

### BOOK II.—CHAPTER III.

#### *Effective Power of the Naval Force.*

Some people, in considering how few killed and wounded the most recent naval victories have cost us, have concluded from it that the actual naval force is without real power; that the expenses which it requires are in no degree proportioned to the services which it renders; and, in short, that its numerous defects call, not only for some modifications of a system essentially feeble and bad, but for an absolute change in our means of attack and defence. This is the first time, we think, in which the trivial losses of the victor have been brought forward as a measure of the weakness of the military means well employed by the victor, and badly by the conquered.



If we compare the naval battle of the ancients and people of the middle ages with those of modern times, we shall be struck with astonishment at the extreme difference which they present as to the quantity of blood shed by the parties. To be convinced of this it is sufficient to examine the losses experienced on either side in the battles of Salamis, of Drepane, and of Actium, of Palermo, of Minorca, and of Trafalgar.

According to the opinion we have just cited, we should conclude from such a comparison that the naval force of the ancients was much superior to that of the moderns, since it was necessary that there should be infinitely more combatants killed and wounded in order to gain a victory. Such an opinion, however, cannot sustain a serious examination. The best organised Athenian, Roman, or Carthaginian fleet, could it now offer us battle, would be defeated by five or six vessels of the line, or indeed by the same number of frigates, or even corvettes. Modern vessels, from the superiority of their manœuvres, would never allow themselves to be boarded,\* and their well directed fires, cutting up the masts, ropes, and sails, destroying the rudder, and breaking the oars of the biremis and triremis, would disable them, and fill them with dead, before having received the least injury in return.

The first consequence naturally drawn from such a comparison, is that the absolute force of navies ought not to be measured by the number of killed and wounded, in combats between these navies. This is demonstrated both by reason and experience.

In combats where bodily force is the principal agent of destruction, it is almost universally one man against another; it is man particularly that is to be destroyed or disabled. But if machines and instruments are introduced, to aid by other very powerful physical forces, then the matter becomes more complicated. Our efforts are divided; one party acts against the personnel, and another against the materiel of the enemy: this is the first cause of a diminution in the loss of men. At the same time necessity causes us to seek defensive arms, to protect us against offensive arms. It is therefore rare that the discovery of a new agent of attack, does not give rise to new means of defence and preservation. It is necessary, before reaching the person of our enemy, that we destroy the means of defence by which he is surrounded; but this requires efforts at the same time greater in amount, and less in efficacy, as the defensive art is rendered less and less imperfect.

It can now easily be conceived how, in the battle of the moderns, although the whole quantity of action† is incomparably greater than in those of the ancients, yet the total loss of men is much less: in

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\* Except in calms. But a fleet must be very unskilful to allow itself to be surprised in a calm without having formed an order of battle, which, bringing into action all its artillery, could render the attack of a flotilla armed only with ancient weapons utterly vain.

† I mean by quantity of action, the sum of the blows inflicted on the enemy estimated by the product of the weight into the velocity of the blow.

all cases where the means employed by the ancients, that is to say, combats of man to man, are not resorted to.

On seeing the number of killed and wounded thus diminished in naval actions, by the effect of the progress of art, it would be much better, it appears to me, to congratulate ourselves on this as an improvement, rather than be afflicted by it as a decline.

We must make here still another observation which appears to us as worthy of notice. When the force of gunpowder was applied to the art of combats, the friends of humanity were shocked to see that we had acquired such a powerful method of destruction. Man had by this means increased tenfold the distance at which he could deal a deadly blow to his antagonist; every thing appeared to pre-  
sage that by the aid of an invention so fatal, wars would in future be only a blind butchery, which, leaving nothing either to genius or valor, would soon cause nations to fall into barbarism.

Effects entirely the contrary have dispersed for ever these chimerical fears. From our means of destruction having been thus extended, it has resulted only that in combats at sea as well as on land, the fields of battle have acquired greater length and breadth. The lines of combatants, instead of engaging hand to hand, attack each other from a distance. The combinations founded on the nature of localities and on the diversity of arms, have acquired a still greater importance. The entire surface of the largest countries has become a field of simultaneous operations; generals must comprehend it, in its ensemble and in its great characteristics, in order to arrange within it the new modes of attack and defence. The military combinations, and the extent of the theatre of war, are in the same manner enlarged in the operations of fleets. Since the use of gunpowder, there has also rarely been seen those melees on land, and boardings at sea, wherein formerly innumerable barbarians, rushing on the lines of regular armies, which were unable to repulse them from a distance, rendered useless the superiority of art, and decided, by force of blood, the destiny of battles.

From the opinion, praiseworthy it is true, but erroneous in its consequences, that arms the most proper for destruction are the most fatal to man, sovereigns have been known to refuse the knowledge of, or to command secrecy and oblivion as to certain inventions which appeared to them too destructive: they were wrong.

When governments appeal to the terrible resort of war, it is because they submit to the loss of a portion of their people, rather than to the continuance of an order of things which appears to them insupportable. Whatever may be the means they employ, they will cease only when one of the parties has entirely overcome the other, or when the two parties shall have sustained injuries proportioned to the transport of their passions. But when the inflictions of war are slow and gradual, intermingled with reverses and successes, the triumphs of one day cause the disasters of the preceding to be forgotten. As there is no great catastrophe, neither of the two parties sees any immediate necessity for demanding peace. Time habituates the people to the state of war, and the

quarrels of nations become interminable. It is thus that they cost humanity much greater sacrifices than a small number of general and vigorous actions which, in a few months, would decide the fate of the two nations. Let us then never repulse, as too destructive, new means of making war, for the employment of them will diminish the amount of blood shed in the quarrels of nations.

We must not, however, from an opposite excess, think that men, alarmed, will renounce combats rather than attack each other with too formidable arms. Such is the fury or folly of people who call themselves civilized, that for a word, a gesture, or a look, duellists are seen to meet with loaded arms, and fire on each other, muzzle to muzzle, with the certainty than one of the two must fall, and sometimes with the certainty that both must perish.

There is only one efficacious means of preventing men from destroying each other. It is by showing them that the true interests of nations consist in maintaining peace and concord, in order to an interchange of products, of knowledge, and of mutual services. It is by showing them that all the effects of wars are so much force lost as regards the prosperity of the globe, and the improvement of the human race. It is, finally, to snatch from usurpation, invasion, and destruction, the false surname of glory, to reserve to the defence of country, liberty, and lawful rights, the homage of a just fame, and also to award this immortal recompense to the labors of those gifted minds who consecrate their efforts to the enlightening and humanizing of the species.

Let us return to the examination of the naval force as it is. If we wish to appreciate the real force of a vessel of war, it will not do to say, a vessel is a floating fortress by which scarcely a fourth, a fifth, or a tenth of the crew of a vessel of equal size, can be killed or wounded. We should say, a modern vessel is a floating fortress, which can now be forced to surrender only by a fortress of the same order. It is a fortress which can resist the sea, in all seasons and in all weathers. It is a fortress which transports itself with a rapidity much superior to that of the lightest troops of an army, so as to traverse a quarter of the globe in less time than a continental army could pass from Spain to Poland, or from France to Russia. And when these great journies are undertaken, the navy experiences neither fatigue nor privations, neither wants nor the diseases, which ruin so many armies. A vessel can pass a winter in the midst of the polar ices, without injury to the crew, in a degree of cold much greater than that which destroyed the finest army in modern times. Finally, the navy not only transports itself without suffering or fatigue, but transports the army, and gives it its mobility. By this means powers, which have only a small number of troops, may multiply them by disembarking them unexpectedly, on all the vulnerable points of the enemies coast.

Let us be careful how we consider the actual naval force as offering only mediocre means of attack and defence; every thing demonstrates that on the contrary it is a very formidable force. But do not let us conclude from this that it has attained the highest



degree of perfection. Thereafter it can be much increased by a better construction and better arming of the vessel. The mechanical and chemical arts can, and certainly will, make important and numerous advances. These advances will conduct to the discovery of new military means, more powerful than those of which we now make use; we must hasten to put them in practice. Then certain parts of the art will change. But those immoveable and general principles, which apply to all the methods of conducting a maritime war, will remain the same, because they do not at all depend on the mechanism with which such and such a projectile is thrown or parried.

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#### A TALE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Late in the afternoon of a spring day, and many years ago, a solitary Indian might have been seen toiling at the dangerous ascent of one of the Rocky Mountains. He followed the deep-worn chasm of the mountain torrent, where often the flood of waters bore in awful confusion, earth, rocks, and trees. Now, with the nerve of a chamois hunter, he cleared a fearful space: a moment's contemplation of the void below, bounded by the naked jutting rocks, must have reeled the brain of the most hardy. And now he traces the projecting ledge of the mountain precipice, ('twas never meant for a path;) below him is death; a look must cost his life; above him vertical granite; not a vine or twig to help him to life; his fingers grow to the rocks! his eagle gaze, if a moment averted, were dimmed; that step may save him! it is made! he is safe.

Sha-wah-now was safe; the last difficulty was behind him, and he stood upon the mountain's brow. Brave was he, and distinguished for success in war: his person bore about it the ægis of dignity, which commanded the respect of the men, and the fond attachment of the women, of his tribe. He was dressed in skins of the purest white; his bust was bare but for a furred robe, which, in natural imitation of the senator of Rome, was folded beneath his shoulder, leaving his right arm freed for action. He wore at his back a bow and well stored quiver, and in his belt was a tomahawk.

He leant his lofty form against a rock, and contemplated the dangers he had passed,—the valley below and the mountains beyond, with mingled feelings of simple devotion to the Great Spirit, and admiration at a view where beauty and sublimity were mingled in the happiest proportions. The "glorious god of day" was fast retiring to his couch. The sun in mid-heaven is but a tame spectacle; his effect, though dazzling, is simple; there he is something alike beyond our ken and thoughts, merely *useful*. But when he approaches, as if it were, our earth in setting,—is surrounded by the

horizon's mist,—it is then that he is the glorious father of a thousand beauties; a hemisphere blushes red as roses; a mountain structure of calm and motionless clouds seems a palace of fancy adorned with every heaven-born hue. It was such a sun that shed its divine influence over that valley. The ground swelled into slight undulations; a stream wound its way in the midst; its banks were dotted with trees; all was rejoicing in the influence of spring; all was covered with the most delicate hues of green. The soft light of the sun's last lingering rays fell upon some spots only to contrast the richer shade; and the surface of that valley appeared as fair, as soft, as a maiden's cheek; and its contemplation filled, for a moment, as large and tender a spot in the heart of the Indian, as did the thoughts of his beloved, his beautiful,—the lost Ayeta.

And Sha-wah-now mused on; and his excited mind burned with thoughts as lofty and as grand as the granite peak which bore him above the earth. His bosom heaved, his whole frame swelled with the sense of the glories around him, and the conscious expansion and sway of a master mind. Untaught by man, and his vain books, he had drunk deep of the inspiration of nature in her majestic solitudes. Amid mountain storms he had ever rioted with wild joy. Amid the warring elements his spirit had ever sought fellowship of its own creations; and then the pent up broodings of his heart had fierce and loud utterance. His aspirations were wild, and turned on a nation's wrongs, and their revenge: "Oh! that I could clothe myself with the wings of the northern blast, and sweep with desolation the oppressor's race."

And Sha-wah-now mused on; and perhaps grasped with intuitive conception the dim future of rolling ages. He saw on this wide field, fresh from the hand of its creator, the rise of a pastoral race, and beheld its glad youth delighting in the health and innocence of ancient games. His prophetic Mentor, the genius of the vallies, pointed to this fair picture with a smile serene of godlike youth.

His aspect changed, and such a change! He looked a grey-beard stern! He waved his arms! And lo! three hundred years rolled past, unto the grave of time. He saw a new world grown old; its beauteous simplicity all changed; and innocence had fled the destroyer, man. The poet no longer retired to a grotto to invoke the forgotten goddesses of his art, nor the lover to a green and solitary glen to mingle his sighs with the murmur of falling waters. All this had passed. The favored clime had become the granary of nations. Its sources developed, were a world's supply. He saw the mighty "father of waters" the placid slave of man. He that of old, fearful as ocean, was wont to be his grave, was subdued by a kindred power; his own *offspring*, a mighty spirit, man had kindled by a spark of his own ethereal fire. Its sullen heaving bosom seemed whelmed beneath the pressure of a world's supply, and the great return, the undreamt perfections of slavish art.

Sha-wah-now long and intensely gazed. *He saw no red man's face.* But ere the simple question which his look betrayed, the demon mocked him, and was seen no more.

The chief aroused him from this horrid dream—the offspring of a mind disturbed—and sought to be soothed by the beauteous night; for the sun had long gone, and the glories of his path, gently fading, had yielded to the crescent moon, and her companion star; and now arose the evening's holy anthem, that lulls the lovely sleep of nature; the sighing breeze that crept from leaf to leaf, and gently whispered to the grass, and the deep toned chorus of the insect song, and its harmony with

“that hour  
Of love's and night's, and mountain solitude  
O'erflowed his soul with their united power.”

Sha-wah-now's mood was softened into prayer. He thanked aloud the great Wah-con-dah that he was *there*; that his soul was free; that his right arm was strong; and he invoked his blessing upon his desperate purpose.

But what was the motive of Sha-wah-now's perilous journey?

Though fierce and inexorable in war, eloquent and profound in council, he, like other great, and some of the greatest of men, had reluctantly at first, and then with enthusiasm, yielded to the heart's ascendancy.

Ayeta was the daughter of a brother chief. Early had she been marked as an extraordinary child; one of retiring modesty; that was fond of pensive solitude. Her eye was remarkable as different from almost all her race; it was blue; whilst the long lash and brow were of glossy black. Owing to youth and little exposure, (she was the favorite and pride of her father,) her complexion might have been envied as a clear brunette. Her mind was well fitted to so superior a mould. Sha-wah-now had marked her with a tender interest as early as her twelfth year; that enchanting era,

“Ere time has chilled a single charm,”

when they bud like tender flowers, are stamped with the “impress of divinity.” Before her sixteenth, he had wooed and won her heart. She admired him for those qualities which made him the pride of his nation, and which seemed to mark him as alone worthy to win so great a prize; but from more hidden sources had sprung that holy sympathy of love which bound their hearts.

But “the course of true love never did run smooth.” War, relentless war, at once the scourge of love and pride of lovers, had lit upon the tribe with unusual severity. Some of its governless, ambitious and ever restless youth, had been unequal to a temptation to steal horses from their vagrant neighbors, the Chayennes; reprisals were made; at length a scalp was taken; the tribe was aroused to revenge; the warrior put on his red and black paint, and struck his battle-axe into the war post. Cupid was frightened from his summer bower; the maidens trembled for their loves; but each brave rejoiced in the confusion—in the storm which each aimed to direct.



But, for Indians, this war had been conducted with extraordinary severity. In the absence of a very large party conducted by Sha-wah-now, the Chayennes made a daring irruption, and took many women and children, and what was unusual, some warriors prisoners, with whom they made good their retreat. Returning, and unsuccessful, he learned the unhappy truth. The nation had suffered severely; his reputation was at stake; but his inmost soul confessed, that worse than all, was his Ayeta a prisoner! Great within him was the conflict of rage and despair; he retired from all witnesses that might discover his weakness. He deemed that a curse was on him; and entirely alone, spent a day and night in fasting, and rude chants and prayers. He then made a vow to the Wah-con-dah that he would not again enter a lodge, or commune with his people, until he had avenged their honor, and rescued his betrothed from the hands of the foe; this he would do, or offer himself a sacrifice to the offended deity.

Such was Sha-wah-now's desperate errand. He that night allowed himself but little rest, for as he approached the probable vicinity of his enemies, caution and concealment were necessary to that safety by which alone he could succeed. The next day, consequently, he advanced but very little; for in the trailed grass he had discovered the fresh sign of a large party, the one, he was induced to believe, which he sought; but ere dusk he had gained, by untiring exertions, a high point, from which to make a close survey of the surrounding country. After a long and anxious examination he thought he had detected a slight appearance of smoke rising from a spot not very distant. But then it was most improbable that his enemies would thus betray their night-camp. He watched the spot until, to his strained eyes, the "sign" became wholly uncertain, and when nearly in despair of making so soon the much wished discovery, his keen and practised ear detected the sound of horses. He no longer doubted. He was prepared, mind and body, for every risk, and commenced his noiseless approach.

Hours were thus spent, but at length the whole truth was before him. He beheld from high ground, in a deep ravine below him, the camp of his foes, with the bound captives in the midst. The war party, elated with success, and tired by the lengthy and rapid excursion, had ventured, in their partial concealment, to light fires for better refreshment. Their dusky forms were extended in sleep around the dying embers. The horses were picketed almost in contact. Though eager for action, he made a deliberate survey of his enemies, their situation, and of the ground, both near and far, as the eye could penetrate, for the moon still afforded some light. His plans were formed, but an obstacle to probable success was presented in a group which he perceived was nearest to the captives; it was an Indian in a sitting posture, apparently half asleep, but still gnawing at a bone. What must he do? Wait 'till he too should sleep? It was absolutely necessary. It seemed an age. And would not another take his place and watch? He

knew that although they keep no sentinels, with all Indians in such camps, some one or a few are nearly always awake; generally eating. But at length his feverish anxiety was relieved; the unconsciously tantalizing Indian sank apparently into deep sleep. Now was his time or never. He commenced his stealthy approach, crawling flat on the earth, and was soon in the midst of those, whose highest ambition was his scalp. He discovered his Ayeta; she was sunk in death like sleep. Sha-wah-now touched her form; she uttered a low murmur; he whispered in her ear, "be silent or die." She opened her eyes, and beheld the warning face of her dearest object on earth; his finger was on his lips, enjoining silence. By an effort of a well disciplined mind, she suppressed any audible emotion. He cut the thong which bound her, and could not resist doing the same for the prisoners within his reach, but with the utmost caution not to arouse them. He then slowly extricated himself from among his sleeping foes; she as cautiously followed him. He had cut loose a horse; he clasped the maiden and sprung upon its back.

The first sounds of its motion, and the alarm was given. The Chayennes sprung to their feet. A moment for astonishment; a moment for discovery; and the next, an astounding yell of rage burst from the lips of all;—

"The owlets started from their dream,  
The eagles answered with their scream;  
Round and around the sounds were cast,  
'Till echo seem'd an answ'ring blast."

Some rushed forward on foot with uplifted tomahawks; others hastily strung their bows; whilst the first cares of the many were to secure and mount their horses. Favored by the obscurity, the arrows flew harmlessly by the fugitives. They could only be arrested by horsemen; and Sha-wah-now had fortunately mounted one of the best. Doubtful was the pursuit. Shame and rage stimulated the pursuers to desperate efforts. Darkness and the winding vallies favored the flight; but the enemy were widely dispersed, and all could not mistake the direction, though many were at fault. Encouraging shouts occasionally marked the point that all aimed at. But it would not do; the pursuers dropt off one by one, until at last one, who had outstripped all the rest, was left to his own efforts. This Sha-wah-now soon discovered; and right glad was he that it was no worse, for his jaded horse had begun to fail under its double burthen. He was fast losing ground, and something must be done.

Sha-wah-now was one of those whose faculties, ever in calm equilibrium, seem inspired to the mastery of great emergencies where the multitude are confounded; and such men are known only in times of great or general calamity. Thus calm, he was prepared to meet the danger to which he considered his precious charge, rather than himself, was exposed. Practised in strategie, as he was, a happy thought was soon suggested by the circumstances,

which he hastened to execute. He spoke encouragingly to the half senseless girl; explained his intention; told her to sit firmly, and to continue to fly; and then easily slipping from the horse, suffered himself to fall flat upon the ground. As expected, the change was not noticed by his pursuer, who rapidly approached strait to the spot. The bow was strung, the arrow was notched, and when he was within a few paces, it whizzed through the air. By the time the horse had reached the chief, who stood tomahawk in hand, his reeling foe fell headlong to the earth. He gave a signal yell of triumph, hastily took the scalp, and having mounted the horse, was soon by the side of his recognizing maid.

Sha-wah-now now slackened his speed; but continuing steadily on, corrected his course as land-marks were recognized, with the view of reaching his village by the nearest route.

Soon after the sun had risen, they suddenly found themselves in full view of a large and mounted body of men. The chief was much alarmed, but only, it will be believed, at the new jeopardy in which he saw placed his beloved Ayeta, now well nigh exhausted with such unwonted efforts. His first impulse was a new retreat, the chances of which he endeavored to scan, by rapid glances at the country around. But he soon perceived that such was impossible; that the horsemen were within a mile, and that they were discovered; and at the moment about a score of them approached at full speed. But Sha-wah-now's practised eye had not failed ere they reached him to penetrate their true character. They were friends, and of his own peculiar band. The delighted chief, exulting in his fortune, uttered the loud and swelling cry of triumph, in that well known voice which now electrified this band of eighty devoted braves.

The first greetings over, the chief recounted to his brave friends, in the loud and rapid tones of eloquence, the incidents recorded; and announced to them his readiness instantly to lead them to pursuit and certain victory. His address was received with peals of applause, tinctured with that enthusiasm with which master spirits can never fail on occasion to inspire the multitude. Ayeta was entrusted to the care and guidance of a friend; and the chief, without further delay, set forth at a rapid pace, in the direction whence he came, at the head of the war party. The swift motion of fresh horses, and by day-light, carried them in a much shorter time than he expected, over the ground of his slow retreat, made after the light of the moon had failed him. Within two or three miles of the enemy's camp, the troop came so suddenly upon a footman as to endanger his life in their bloody-thirsty excitement; but he was instantly recognized. He was one of the captives whom Sha-wah-now had so thoughtfully released from the restraint of his bonds, and who in the subsequent confusion, by large drafts upon that store of cunning, agility, and presence of mind, which Indians generally possess, had made good his escape, so far as to reach a neighboring place of concealment, and there lay perdue until the enemy had taken their departure, which they did at daylight, with



some indications of haste, if not confusion. This was a fortunate recontre in two respects, for it so happened the fugitive was one of the best guides of the nation; who in the spirit of that habit of observation, which was the foundation of his skill, watched critically the course which they took, and remarked those general features of the country which must necessarily modify it. He was mounted by direction of Sha-wah-now behind one of his followers, and undertook to lead the party by a near route which would intercept the retreat of the Chayennes.

His judgment was verified by the result; for the sun had not passed in his course to the meridian through many more than that number of degrees which we designate an hour, when, on issuing from the defile of two abrupt hills, upon one of those high level "table land" prairies, the enemy were exposed to view. The leader, by a powerful effort, suppressed a yell which was incipient in so many open throats, and led them at a sweeping, but little noisy gait, a good space—which was all gained—ere, owing to these precautions, they were discovered. The instant that was ascertained he set them a powerful example in one of those shrill out-bursts of sound, of which the object, intimidation or panic, is often attained. It has an awkward effect upon the nerves, (as the writer has witnessed,) that sudden salute of fierce and quavering yells, commending to the eye an accompaniment of extravagant and threatening action, the flourishing of arms, the brandishing of spears, the whole set off with a great show of paint and feathers of glaring colors.

But the Chayennes (in justice be it recorded) made efforts at organized resistance, honorable under the circumstances—of surprise, and the furious onset of rather superior numbers—and their leaders, too, were absent. Its only result was the loss, upon the spot, of some of their bravest men. A superstitious anticipation of misfortune (to which Indians are subject) seemed to have taken hold upon their minds from the moment of their disaster in the night. The natural result was a panic, which soon led to a flight of desperate disorder. The scene which ensued, the East can never witness; and its stirring interest, the regular shock of embattled thousands cannot equal. A race, a fox chase, an ordinary battle, are but in comparative progression toward the intensity of excitement which the sight and sounds of that flight and pursuit inspired! And here must be recorded, as a thrilling incident, that it *was* witnessed by two spectators, under peculiarly painful circumstances. The Chayennes had been led by two "partisans," (self appointed as usual,) who, at the moment of the surprise, were separated from their command, together on a hill, for the purpose of reconnoitring. For a few of those moments, big with results, they seemed paralyzed by their misfortune; but quickly recovering, their minds were intensely wrought upon to decide upon the alternatives—death and dishonor. They decided *differently*. The one, with a devotion *unsurpassed* in ancient or modern times, rushed onward to certain death. He charged furiously into the midst of his foes, and

all alone, bravely fought and fell! His enemies, full of admiration, spared his scalp!

The Chayennes, on the verge of the prairie, found themselves rushing down the descent of what seemed a valley, and congratulated themselves with the hopes which uneven ground inspired; but their cruel fates had decreed them unlimited misfortune. The valley soon fearfully narrowed, and finally ended abruptly in a ravine or immense gully, at the bottom of which was a stagnant pool; into this the wretched fugitives were precipitated by an impetus which was irresistible, and all found their death. Their other leader, the only survivor, returned in safety to his tribe, and was suffered, by a species of cruel mercy, to live from thenceforth the life of a despised and miserable out-cast.\*

Sha-wah-now entered his village in an imposing procession of triumph; in which, after the liberated prisoners, all of whom he had safely rescued, the most imposing spectacle was seventy reeking scalps, borne aloft on spears, the bearers of which chanted triumphal songs. But were not his thoughts busy with the humble Ayeta? Her safety he esteemed the happiest fortune of that eventful day. The grateful and devoted maiden from thenceforth graced his lodge.

Sha-wah-now had performed deeds that day, that could add lustre to even *his* name; and long he lived, ever sustaining his reputation and unrivalled influence. But at the festival he ever recounted the rescue of his cherished Ayeta, as his greatest action.

It is recorded, with the subsequent victory, upon a buffalo robe, in rude hieroglyphics, which were explained to the writer by an old chief, as the proudest record of his tribe.

P. S. G. C. (1830.)

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As an accompaniment to the foregoing, we insert, by request, the following lines from the Southern Literary Messenger for April, 1835.—EDITOR.

MR. WHITE: I offer a very threadbare excuse for the publication of the following verses. They are published "at the request of a friend," for whom, indeed, they were written. You have accused me of obscurity, and to prevent a repetition of your censure, I will here add a scrap of explanation. "The Last Indian" is something of a Salathiel; he has survived his whole race.—Stanza VI refers to the Aztecs and other tribes long ago extinct, and supposed to have lived once upon a time, among the higher vallies east and west of the Mississippi. A second and more hardy people, referred to in stanza V, perhaps drove the Aztecs as the Huns drove the Goths, southward, upon the rich regions of Mexico. These dead Mexican tribes are described on their return—led by a kind of *amor patriæ* instinct—to their early homes in the north.

Before ending this scrawl, I would correct an error into which you have fallen with regard to my signature. "Zarry Zyle" should be LARRY LYLE.

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\* This massacre, with all its incidents, actually happened.

## THE LAST INDIAN

Once more, and yet once more,  
 I give unto my harp a midnight-woven lay,  
 —I heard the ebon waters roar,  
 I heard the flood of waters pass away.—*Kirke White.*

## I.

I slept beneath a tree one Summer-eve,  
 My couch a bed of blossomed-beaded thyme,  
 My roof the bough which spirit fingers weave,  
 My slumber-song a brooklet's mellow chime:  
 I dreamed—and far away thro' space and time,  
 My liberated spirit joyfully  
 Forth went—a pioneer well skilled to climb  
 The cloudy crags and cliffs of mystery.  
 I dreamed—I speak my dream; and canst thou read it me?

## II.

On the jagg'd summit of a mountain range,  
 More azure than the blue sky, sternly stood—  
 Like Sathanas of old—a wanderer strange,  
 Drinking deep grief, as one who meets the flood  
 Of bitterness in some parched solitude;  
 Before him spread, in undulations vast,  
 A Prairie sea, all isled with rock and wood;  
 And young winds closed their wings above its breast,  
 As faint bees close their wings when Summer days have passed.

## III.

The Sun had come—a weary traveller—  
 Up o'er the hills of ether, for methought  
 'Twas many thousand years since Lucifer  
 Fell from his glory, and, with trial fraught  
 And leaden labor, Time had weakness brought  
 To Sun and Moon. Men saw the Sun upcome,  
 And marvelled at its lustre: Sages sought  
 That lustre's source, and said "at point of doom  
 Mysterious fires full oft the closing eye illumine."

## IV.

Methought a change came o'er the face of earth;  
 Hill, plain, and hollow shook as with the throes  
 Of mortal agony. The mountain girth  
 Shrank, heaved, then burst asunder. In mad flow  
 The waters of great lakes foamed, battling through  
 Far scattered crags; and mighty rocks, down hurled  
 From Mountain tops, laid bare the volcano—  
 The great volcano! and its flame unfurled,  
 Streamed redly, wrathfully, above the reeling world.

## V.

A voice went forth, far louder than the roar  
 Of bounding rivers; and the summons broke  
 The deep sleep of earth's dead. Each burial shore  
 And tree-robed mound in groaning travail shook,  
 And giant skeletons from death awoke.



Barbarians seemed they, armed with spear and bow ;  
And thro' their ribs as thro' the winter oak  
Winds whistled ; while from bone lips evermo'  
Uptrembled hollowly, horn murmurs, faint and low.

## VI.

And, from the charnel valleys of the South,  
A multitude, vast, vast beyond compare,  
Moved darkly onward. Song and shout uncouth,  
Betokened their wild joy ; while on the air,  
Forgotten instruments breathed music rare—  
Sweet unknown tunes, as soft as hymn of rills.  
The Mammoth and the Mastodon were there,  
All yoked ;—and then I heard far-groaning wheels :  
The tomb had gaped—the dead tribes sought their early hills !

## VII.

Amid the groan and rumbling heave of earth,  
And noise of waters, came each silver tone.  
But ere my wonder ceased, a storm had birth,  
And rattling thunder mingled with the moan  
And sob of nature. O'er car—skeleton—  
And cloud-veil passed and hid them from my sight ;  
While o'er that cloud, far on a mountain throne,  
A city rocked—illumined by the light  
Of its own burning towers—fit type of frail man's might !

## VIII.

And then the Sun waxed dim. The red Moon rode  
Above the trembling nations, with an eye  
Of wrath and anguish, and a brow of blood—  
While one by one, afar, in the dun sky  
The stars went out, as dew-drops, when winds sigh,  
From grass and flower and thin leaf disappear.  
Then no man saw the Sun ! but still on high  
The great Moon rode ; and, ever redly clear,  
Glared thro' thick fog and mist, till men grew dumb with fear.

## IX.

The wanderer looked forth tremblingly, and lo !  
A wide winged Eagle on the darkness came.  
Her brood had died,—all died ! and wild with wo  
And reckless wrath, that terror might not tame—  
Chasing the swart cloud from her eye of flame—  
She sought the summit of that lonely peak.  
She saw the Red Man, and with joyous scream,  
Claimed fellowship ; but to her iron beak  
A single death-flash leapt, and wreathed her scornful neck.

## X.

Innumerable mounds belched lurid streams,  
And poured, in hot black showers, the cinder-rain ;  
I gazed and saw, as high the forked gleams  
Sprang piercingly thro' volumed smoke again,  
Earth's wan-faced myriads. From the Ocean-plain  
Her living tribes had flown, to seek the light  
And safety of that adamantine chain,  
In shivering crowds ; and wildered with affright,  
They toiled in throngs to reach the mountain's farthest height.

## XI.

And one, more daring, stood upon the brink  
Of a volcano,—and his scathed hand raised,  
Dripping with hissing lava. Some would shrink;  
And many called on God; while some, amazed,  
Stood statue-like: and some in madness seized  
With Vampyre tooth, and laid their full veins bare.  
And one—a blue-eyed maiden—upward gazed  
In speechless wo, while gleamed her long fair hair  
And ghastly cheek, beneath that flame's unearthly glare.

## XII.

Methought, pale girl, that thou wert of the line  
Of her I loved; and tears flowed full and fast,  
To see a form so beautiful as thine  
In the Volcano's death-light. This soon passed!  
Again with strength I heard and saw. A blast  
From unseen horn, rang wildly o'er the herd  
Of dead and living men: The myriad vast  
Wailed moaningly when each the strange blast heard,  
And dead and living stood with stony brows upreared.

## XIII.

Earth heaved anew, and toppling crags fell down  
In darkness. Rivers turned and fled the main—  
And galloping—like startled steeds back thrown  
By some strong rampart—rushed in fear again  
To their far founts, o'erwhelming rock and plain.  
The fiend Tornado shrieked and wrung the wood,  
Old Earth's scorched locks—until her ory brain  
Lay shelterless and bare: while beryl-hued  
And bubbling streams, breast, cheek, and cloven brow imbrued.

## XIV.

Mine eye waned slowly into wakefulness;  
The wild forms of my dream waxed faint and dim;  
But ere they fled, methought the pallid race  
Had crumbled into ashes; while o'er him,  
Last of the injured, twin in death with time—  
A strong joy swept. Woe's furrow had been ploughed  
Deep in his heart; he was avenged!  
As swim  
O'er Autumn skies the fleets of shattered cloud,  
So swam those scenes and passed. I turned and sobbed aloud.

## XV.

A purpled Oreole sate upon a bough  
Above me, and with gentle carollings  
Shook the still air; e'er raining on my brow  
The dewy globules, with her restless wings:  
I love the bird,—I love the song she sings!  
For that I heard it by a lonely stream  
In days, when love and hope were rainbow things:  
The sweet bird soothed me, but my brain will teem  
Full many a mirthless eve, with fragments of that dream!  
Winchester, Va.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A SAILOR.

## No. II.

## RAISING THE WIND.

On the 3d of January, 183—, a party of petty officers and seamen from the United States' ship L——, lying at the Falkland Islands, landed, equipped with ships' muskets, slugs, powder and ball, to kill any and every thing of the game kind that might come in their way; and fine sport they might have had, if so inclined, but such amusements are seldom relished by sailors. A few random shots were at first fired at some unfortunate buzzards and penguins, but in a short time the muskets were thrown aside, and their first object given up. How to raise some rum was the primary consideration. Sailors are too partial to this article; perhaps the relish arises from being so long denied the use of spirits, except the regular ration allowed by law. If they were allowed it *ad libitum*, some would never be sober, and others again would never perhaps taste it; therefore the very best regulation that could be made respecting spirits on board our public vessels, is the one now in force. I had strolled some distance from the men and seated myself on a knoll; had forgotten the Falkland Islands, the L——, and every other object connected with my situation. It was a moment when the mind seemed capable of calling up scenes of past joy or suffering, and concentrating them into a small focus; but I was not long suffered to dwell upon the past or future. I was soon accosted by Bill S——ns, the signal quartermaster, with

"Well! what's running the gauntlet in your head, now? thinking of home, eh! perhaps a sweetheart in the case? All very natural; I've had my head stowed with such stuff once, but thank God, those days are over."

"No, Bill, I am not in love, but on *fancy's wings*. I was far from these cold, bleak islands, revelling among the scenes of my childhood in the bosom of my dear native State. Such thoughts, you know, will usurp the breast."

"Yes, yes, all right, I suppose; all natural enough; don't know much about fancy or her wings. I have been thinking how we are to raise the wind."

"I am sorry, Bill," I replied, "that such things occupy so much of your thoughts. Were it not for that one failing, you would be a better and a happier man."

"Well, well, perhaps I might; but at present I don't want a sermon. You know I do my duty, and who can be unhappy in the L——? However, I have been thinking to some purpose, this time; so just take off that jacket of yours, and I'll show you how it's to be done; I reckon you calculated on a second mate's berth



when you had it made. Devilishly mistaken tho', I guess; flush fore and aft, like a barber's razor strap."

The jacket was a very fine, single-breasted one. I am a seaman of the new school, and am as particular in the cut-of-my jacket as I would be in the model of my wife. I took it off, and in a few minutes S——ns had sewed three uniform buttons on each sleeve, the same number under each pocket, and one on each side of the collar.

"Now put it on, and let me see what sort of a looking officer you'll make."

I laughed and did so. By this time some more of the men had gathered round us, and S——ns, who took the lead in every thing, complimented me on my officer-like appearance.

"No thanks to the Secretary for your appointment, eh! that's more than many would have done for you, eh! He has been cut out for an officer, but spoiled in the make."

This raised a laugh, and all eyes were turned upon me. I knew there was some plot in their heads, but for my soul I could form no more idea of it than the man in the moon. I was not long suffered to remain in suspense. S——ns relieved me, and stated that the schooner in the inner harbor had some excellent spirits on board, but that a strict order had been given by our captain to the master of her, to sell none of it to any but officers. This I knew to be the case, and our first lieutenant, confident that no liquor could be obtained elsewhere, allowed a number of the men to go on shore every day; and the motive for creating me an officer, (for what my relative rank was I never could ascertain,) was to "whip the devil round the stump," and purchase six gallons of New England rum from the Yankee captain. A whaleboat on the beach was launched, that had been frequently used by our officers and crew on their shooting excursions, and we well knew that seeing us in that boat would create no surprise on board the schooner. She was quickly manned by S——ns and four other as smart fellows as ever pulled an oar, and I was carried and put in her stern sheets. I could not restrain my risible faculties to save my life.

"Yes, you may laugh while we are on this side of the point, but if you do after that, and spoil as good a plan as ever was laid, a ball of ropeyarn never got half the kicks that will be yours."

We reached the schooner, and the mate handed me the main-ropes to ascend the side by; but I never made such an effort to suppress laughter, as I was compelled to do, when S——ns and the rest of the boat's crew touched their hats to me on leaving the boat. The master of the schooner was on deck and ready to receive me with all the state and respect due to one of my apparent rank and pretensions. I was ushered into the cabin; crackers, cheese, wine and brandy placed on the table, to which I did ample justice. In the course of conversation I stated my wants to the master, six gallons of your best rum for my mess. He was very happy to serve me, and the mate was sent to get it ready. Very true, I wanted it for my mess, for the members of it were all on shore waiting for

it. The liquor was ready, paid for and put into the boat; a keg of crackers was also paid for; the master had his own price, and kindly asked me permission to treat my boat's crew. I thanked him, but it was strictly against orders, they had their allowance on board, and did not require more; exchanged a shake of the hand with him and the mate, and jumped into my boat. "Up oars, shove off, give way!" and in a few minutes the point that divides the inner from the outer harbor of Port Louis, was between us and the schooner. The rest of the men had assembled on the beach, and by the peculiar and light sweeps of the oars they knew we had been successful. The boat grounded and was hauled up; the keg of spirits and myself removed on shore.

"Well boys," cries S——ns, "we have succeeded, and that there fellow (pointing to me) played his part well, and now he may cut off his supernumerary buttons. But, avast a bit! I made him, and I must break him; bring here a pot of grog."

One was handed to him. "Now drink to your short-lived and faded honors; take a good pull at the halliards;" and with that twenty knives were in requisition; the deed was done, and I was myself again.

"There," says S——ns, "you are now rendered unfit for any post, pension or place, civil or military, under this government, and so you may betake yourself to *fancy's wings* again, where I found you, for your services are no longer required, and you are not a fit companion at a bottle."

The day was spent merrily; some got blue, and at night all on board wondered where the devil the men got the liquor. Some of them told the first lieutenant they chewed a certain root; others said that they drank out of a certain spring; and as Lieutenant B—— thought some injury might spring from drinking any more of its magical waters, he stopped all further intercourse with the shore, in consequence of which three gallons of New England lies buried there, and will only be found by some of the shooting parties who may chance to resort to the spot. It was buried because it could not be drank, and many palates were tickled to think what a blow-out they would have when they next got on shore; but the imprudent use some made of it put that day far off.

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#### A GALE AT SEA AND DIEGO MUSICIANS.

From the 15th of June until the 11th of September, 183—, we lay moored in the beautiful harbor of Rio, and during that time shared in all the pleasures that the place afforded, and all that men could enjoy when far from their country and friends. Our captain waited for a relief, which was the reason why we were allowed to remain idle, and earn our monthly pay by the ring of the anchor, instead of the clue of the topsail. At last an exchange was effected, and on the morning of the latter of the above dates, the

boatswain and his mates very unseasonably disturbed our slumbers and dreams, by making the ship and harbor echo with their shrill pipes, and voices as gruff as if the fag end of a hawser had been stuck down their throats, summoning "all hands up anchor." Some of us would much rather have heard or seen a "*dun*," as by fair words and promises we might have got clear of him; but from the fate that awaited us there was no reprieve. The black eyes of Rio that had perforated our hearts as full of holes as a cabbage colander, could not stay the sailing of the ship, and we all hurried on deck to assist in executing any order that might be given by our new first luff, who had joined the ship with the captain.

At 6 A. M. we passed the "sugar loaf," at the entrance of the harbor, and the string of English, French, and Brazilian men-of-war's boats that had assisted in towing us out, let go their tow-lines, and returned to their respective ships. The remainder of the day was clear and pleasant, and by 4 P. M. we had a good offing, but the approaching night looked gloomy and dismal; heavy masses of dark clouds had risen after the sun had set, and the eye of the old tar was frequently detected looking in the direction of the wind, and turning away with a sagacious shake of the head; like Lord Burleigh in "The Critic," intimating that they knew what was to follow.

"We are likely to have a breeze;" said I to old Jack —, the fore-castle man.

"Yes," he replied, "before 12 o'clock to-night we'll have wind enough to blow the hair off of the captain's head; and it's my opinion (which, by-the-by, don't go for much here,) that we had as well send down them there broom handles, (*i. e.* royal yards,) and take two reefs in the pudding bags:" (topsails.)

Ten o'clock came, and with it the breeze; all hands were called to shorten sail. Sending down royal and top-gallant yards, etc., was only the work of a few minutes, and the watch went below again, but were recalled at seven bells, (half past 11, P. M.) The breeze had increased by this time to a gale; the fore-topsail was clued up and furled, and the men were laying out on the main-topsail yard, to take the close reef in the main-topsail, and as the flashes of lightning illumined every object, the form and features of every man were distinct from the deck. In a moment all would be dark as the grave; but between the seas when it lulled, the men's voices could be heard aloft, like sprites hovering over us. The sail was reefed, and a pull taken on the halliards, to clear the yard of the cap and ease the lifts, and the other watch went below.

The wind was on the starboard quarter, and the sea rolled along after us in awful and majestic grandeur. At times the billows would raise their hoary-crested heads high above our tops, and fling their angry spray high in the rigging and on our decks. The ship was flying before it, with the main-topsail and foresail close reefed, like an arrow, and appeared, (if the reader will permit me to draw a simile,) like the wild horse when caught, that conscious of his own prowess and superior strength, finds the bit and bridle



insufficient to restrain him, bursts from his petty tyrant, man, and bounds to the plain or forest in his primeval state of blessed freedom. The watch had scarcely got snugly in their hammocks when the ship took a heavy sea over the weather quarter, and by a lee lurch immediately after, washed the lee quarter boat from the davits. The main hatch had been but partly battened down for the sake of admitting air, and a large quantity of the liquid element found its way to the berth deck, where a number of Brazilians that had been shipped for musicians, were stowed away upon mess chests, etc.

The vessel by this time was rolling very heavily, the water on the berth deck washed over and over the mess chests, and many of their lashings parted; the bread bags broke adrift, and never since the building of Babel was there so much confusion. The medley in the ark (if all is true) perhaps equalled it. Away went the musicians from one side of the berth deck to the other, in company with the mess chests, tin kettles, bread bags, etc. The sailors, secure in their hammocks, laughed, and as often as a diego\* would grasp a hammock to support himself by, as often would he be saluted with a box from its inmate. These poor devils, for once in their lives, found that "Ave Marias," and favorite saints, could not help them much on board of an American man-of-war. Lights were brought and the loose articles were secured; but long will the diegos remember their watery excursion across the berth deck of the *L——*, and it's my sincere wish that all such nuisances, as musicians are on board of a sloop-of-war, may experience similar hardships.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and I am as fond of it as any man; but when it interferes with the interest of the service, of which I am an unworthy member, it loses half its sweetness in my ear.

Towards morning the gale moderated and all was put to rights again.

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#### A PAMPERO IN THE RIO DE LA PLATA.

The last rays of a setting sun had ceased to gild the broad waters of the River of Plate, on the evening of the 21st of September, 183—. The wind had died away to a calm, and we came too with the larboard anchor. At seven P. M., the water was unusually agitated, as if the bed of the river had been shaken by a convulsion. Respiration had become difficult in consequence of the density of the air; and dark clouds rising to the southward, with scattering drops of heavy rain, indicated a change of weather. The

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\* Diego is an appellation given by our seamen to foreigners, but can more properly be applied to the natives of Minorca.

warning was not lost upon us; the royal and topgallant yards were sent down; the chains got on deck, and a long range of sheet cable; the yard tackle was hooked to the quarter of the main-yard, and it braced forward so as to hang plumb over the waist anchor, to which it was hooked, ready to cant it clear of the side; the cables were well bitted and stoppered, ready to meet the fury of those gales which blow from off the Pampas plains, (from which they take their name,) and which are not a whit less violent than the hurricanes in the West Indies and Gulf of Mexico. A very short time showed us that our arrangements were not a moment too soon completed. The stately form of the brave and gentlemanly Captain Mc—— was on the poop, leaning across one of the rattlings of the mizen rigging, and at his side the First Lieutenant (J. M. of Virginia,) a smart active little officer as ever took a trumpet. These two gentlemen's names will long be remembered by the crew who experienced such kindness as made that ship a home that few wished to leave. The navies of Europe cannot produce a finer vessel of her class than the L——, nor one better calculated to command her than Captain Mc——.

"Stand by the starboard anchor," cried the first lieutenant, who had withdrawn his gaze from the horizon.

"All ready, sir," was the reply of Lieutenant B—— on the forecastle. At this moment all eyes were turned in the same direction as those of the captain and first lieutenant. About a mile distant, the sea presented nothing but one long line of boiling foam. We were swinging to the flood tide, and the gale struck us upon the starboard side; the vessel met its pressure and heeled over, so as to bring the muzzle of the larboard guns in the water, large quantities of which burst in through the ports. The starboard quarter boat was thrown by the force of the wind and heeling of the vessel in against the mizen rigging (the davits were fitted with spars to the mizen mast.) The royal and top-gallant masts bent like reeds, and every fibre of the gallant little ship's compact frame seemed braced to meet the shock. In a second she swung head to wind, and the starboard bower anchor was let go, and as the cable veered round the iron plated bitts, a sheet of sparks, caused by the friction, followed it through the hawse holes; both chains were veered to a long scope.

"See the sheet cable clear, Mr. B., and have hands ready to veer the cables," cried the first lieutenant through the trumpet; and although the order was given at the loudest pitch of his voice, the sound barely reached the forecastle, so completely did the raging of the elements absorb every minor sound. It was unnecessary to let go the sheet anchor, the chain cables were first rate ones and the anchors held on to the soft bottom of the river with death-like tenacity. "Self-preservation" being the "first law of nature," all the live lumber, such as master of the band, master-at-arms, and galley cooks, had by this time transported their bodies from the berth deck, and thinking that "in the many there is safety," were huddled together between two guns in the gangway, abreast of which I was standing.

"Aye, mon," said the master of the band, who was a Scotchman, "dinna it blaw terrible hard?"

I replied in the affirmative, and stated the probability of the ship's drifting ashore. I had no thoughts of any thing of the sort, yet as I had often smarted under the lash of old Joe's satire, I could not let such an opportunity slip without using it, in order that I might afterwards indulge in a laugh at his expense. Poor old fellow! he looked at me with the eye of astonishment and dismay, and my heart smote me for creating in him such unnecessary alarm. He only replied, "say ye sae?" and crawled down the main hatch to gather together his worldly effects, viz: a clarionet (that had been his companion during the Peninsular war, in which he had served with Lord Wellington,) and a few books of music that he had labored hard to arrange for a full band, by writing several hours every day upon a shot box, or the head of the bass drum on the larboard side of the quarter deck. Haply for us, old Joe's precautions were unnecessary; the gale continued about fifteen minutes, when a heavy rain commenced, accompanied by loud peals of thunder and very vivid flashes of lightning. These purified the air and in half an hour the gale had entirely subsided, and all hands went below to look for their hammocks that had been unceremoniously tossed down upon the berth deck when clearing away the waist anchors. At half past eight P. M.,

The moon shone bright, and the sky was serene,  
And the wild wave slept as it ne'er had been.  
The tempest's wrath and the billows' commotion  
Were hushed, and 'twas peace on the bosom of ocean.

All hands were called to "splice the main brace," (*i. e.* get an extra allowance of spirits) which is always welcome news on board of a vessel of war; and I put my opinion against many, and affirm that one-third of half a pint of spirits, common proof, cannot injure a man, but on the contrary he is often benefitted by it, simply because he thinks so, and it would be hard to make a sailor believe otherwise. I took a Havana, went on the forecastle, which was entirely deserted, and wondered in my own mind if there was a single soul on board, during the gale, that acknowledged not the omnipotence and omnipresence of his Creator, and who crept not, as 'twere, into himself in his presence, so awfully manifested. If so; to him—

The poisoned chalice can but give,  
A transient taste of joy;  
And yet the wretch still dares to live,  
And sips it mingled with alloy.

Oh! for religion's gentle sway,  
To rule his soul, to soothe his woes;  
The gloomy tempest to allay,  
To calm the pang his bosom knows.



## ON WAR.

[ Concluded from our last number. ]

Von Kiege. Hinterlassenes Werk des GENERAL VON CLAUSEWITZ.  
Berlin. 2 vols. 8vo.

Our former article terminated with some developments and explanations of the component parts of valor, upon which we founded our hypothesis of the barometer of courage; let us now return to the author and follow him to another sphere. "War," says General Clausewitz, "is the empire of corporeal struggles and sufferings, and in order to enable a man to steel himself against them, a certain degree of physical and moral strength, whether natural or artificial, is absolutely requisite. With a due proportion of these qualities, under the influence of sound judgment, man is already a very capable implement for war. But to arrive at any pre-eminence, much more is required of him; and if we search deeper into the demands that war exacts from its votaries, we then come to the most essential of all—superior intellect.

"War is the dominion of uncertainty. Three-fourths of the occurrences on which its mechanism is hinged, lay enveloped in a haze of greater or lesser incertitude. Here then it is where a penetrating, subtle mind comes into play, and by tact and perspicuity succeeds in extracting light from this darkness. A common understanding may once *accidentally* hit upon the truth, or an extraordinary display of courage may serve as a substitute. So a man in a dark chamber may find the object he seeks, but the chances are that he strikes against the wall. Thus in most cases the average result of war is an exposure of moral blindness.

"War is also the empire of accident; there is no human undertaking in which so much latitude must be accorded to this intruder; for, war and hazard are twin brothers, and these perpetually augment the uncertainty of the issue, and disturb the balance of calculation. The only counterpoise to accident is *genius*. But how brilliant soever genius may be, it cannot always rise superior to the uncertainties in which all results are shrouded. In order, however, that a commander may successfully wrestle with this omnipresent foe, two qualities are essential. The one, a mind capable of catching some glimmering of light, even amidst the blackest obscurity: the other, the moral courage to follow up this feeble light. The former is defined by what the French term *coup d'œil*, the latter by *decision*. The first, when reduced to its most absolute sense, is the *art of discovering the real point of attack or defence*. This embraces choice of position, errors committed by adversaries, and so forth. If one analyze this faculty still further, it will prove to be nothing else than an instantaneous power of discovering luminous points, where all is obscurity to common minds.

But the enjoyment of this admirable privilege is insufficient, unless a man have firmness to act. By firmness is not meant personal courage, but force of mind to brave responsibility, and consequently moral courage to resist moral perils, such as chances of failure, and the like.\*

This kind of valor is aptly termed *courage d'esprit*, or strength of mind, since it emanates from the soul. It is not, however, so much an action of intellect as of the heart. Mere intellect, however luminous, would not constitute moral courage. For we have seen some of the wisest people utterly devoid of all firmness. Intellect is, however, necessary to give life to courage, and then courage sustains intellect. The former could not have being without the latter, and the latter would degenerate into mere brute ferocity without the former. Besides, in moments of emergency feelings are more puissant than thoughts.

*Coup d'œil*† and firmness lead me to speak of presence of mind, another essential with which they are closely allied. Presence of mind is, in fact, nothing but a sudden victory over, or a skilful repulse of, that which is unexpected. We admire the presence of mind displayed in a ready retort to a sudden proposition, as we applaud the development of rapid resource at the instant of unlooked-for peril. Neither the reply nor the resource need be extraordinary, providing they be apt; for that, which if delivered or executed after mature and calm consideration, might appear trivial or common-place in point and action, by a rapid throe of intellect or unexpected application, will often produce the most conclusive results. Presence of mind denotes the facility with which man is able to avail himself of latent natural resources. This invaluable faculty, that has so often saved armies and nations, is to be ascribed either to the properties of the mind, or to the equilibrium of the soul, according to the nature of circumstances; but both are essential. An apt reply, for instance, denotes the spontaneous operation of a clever head, whilst ready resource in sudden danger, bespeaks tranquillity and composure of soul.

The principal elements against which a commander has to struggle, may be summed up in a few words; *danger, physical obstacles, moral causes, uncertainty, and accidents*. To enable him to make head against, or to overcome them, the following qualities are strictly necessary. *Presence of mind, coup d'œil, decision, energy, firmness, constancy, and strength of heart and character*. We will not follow the author through his elaborate definitions of these pro-

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\*We may adduce as a singular illustration, that one of Napoleon's marshals, still living, was so devoid of this species of courage, that he was repeatedly known upon critical occasions, to seek the hottest of the fight, in the hopes of being wounded and carried off the field. He had the courage (few were braver) to support physical sufferings, and to despise death; but not strength of mind to bear up against responsibility.—*Note of Translator*.

† This expression, which has no equivalent in our language, ought to be naturalized in our dictionaries, for it is alike applicable both in war and diplomacy.

perties, further than to explain the difference between firmness and constancy. "The one," says General Clausewitz, "betokens resistance, against isolated shocks, the other relates to the duration of resistance." Both are absolutely necessary to the ultimate success of any measure beyond a mere *coup de main*, and then the first is only demanded. The distinction may appear subtle; for, although there may be firmness without constancy, there can be no constancy without firmness. The one partakes more of the physical, the other of the moral qualities of the system. Firmness is necessary to support positive suffering, constancy to bear up against a succession of shocks, or against others that may be anticipated.

In treating of the dangers of war in the fourth chapter, we find the following animated and graphic passages:

"The picture that a man draws of war, before he has learned to know it in all its nakedness, is, generally speaking, more attractive than repulsive. When soldiers rush upon the enemy in all the drunken ardor of the charge,—who stops to count the bullets or the fallen? To close the eye for an instant, to confront death, uncertain whether we shall escape it or not:—and that, at the golden moment of victory, when the ripe luscious fruit for which our soul pants, hangs temptingly within our grasp—can that be difficult? It would not be difficult, and would appear less so, if such moments were the mere action of a pulsation, as it is sometimes supposed; but of such moments there are few. No! the danger of war, like medicinal tinctures, must be swallowed diluted, and robbed of half their impulsive stimulants.

"Let us for example, accompany the young soldier to the battlefield. As we approach, the thunder of artillery, alternating with the rushing of shot, booms louder and louder upon the ear. A few yards further, and the half-spent balls attract the attention of the inexperienced, for they now commence striking and bounding close around, above, before, and behind. We cast a sidelong glance, and advance towards the height on which stands the general-in-chief, surrounded by his staff. Here the plunging of cannon shot and bursting of shells are so frequent, that the seriousness of the situation penetrates through the ideal veil with which our youthful fancy had bedecked it. Suddenly a friend falls—his blood tinges our very cheek—a shell drops into the centre of the group, explodes, and causes an inevitable wavering. One begins to feel that he is not altogether so completely indifferent or collected.—Even the bravest must be somewhat affected. Proceed a few yards further into the battle which rages before one as upon a theatre, and approach that general of division. Here ball follows ball, and shell succeeds shell, whilst the roaring of our own guns adds to the fearful din, and augments the deep interest of the picture. From the general of division let us hasten to the general commanding a brigade. He, a man of tried valor, prudently places himself and people behind the covert of a hillock, a building, or a clump of trees—a certain indication of increasing



peril. Showers of grape rattle through the thatch, or tear the branches; volleys of cannon shot furrow up the earth or rend the air, whilst the hissing of myriads of musket balls tell one that those long lines of smoke conceal the enemy. But onwards, and in an instant we are beside the troops; beside the valiant, indefatigable infantry, who for hours have been withstanding with unflinching steadiness the murderous fire of musquetry. Here the air is filled with the incessant whistling of shot, which announce their proximity by the sharp, short whiz with which they dart by, an inch distant from one's head, one's ear, one's very heart. Then come to satiety all the heaving of the bosom, the affections of the mind at the loss of comrades and friends, and at the sight of the mangled, who fall fainting or groaning to the ground."

Those who have any experience will admit the correctness of this picture; and we believe that there is no man, who, honestly placing his hand on his heart, will affirm that he has remained altogether unmoved on such occasions; or that the light of his thoughts has not been affected or broken in upon by other emotions than those that are its ordinary tenants. Indeed, "he must be a most extraordinary individual," as the author observes, "who on his first initiation does not lose some portion of the faculty of immediate decision. It is true, custom soon blunts the emotion. In half an hour we commence feeling a greater indifference; some more, some less; but a man of *ordinary* intellect never arrives at full independence of mind, or complete elasticity of soul; and *extraordinary* men are rare. It results, therefore, that little can be expected from ordinary men; and this is the more applicable in proportion as the sphere of action becomes more extensive. When tranquilly sitting in one's cabinet, this self-conquest appears a matter of easy attainment; but when removed to the theatre of action, a man must possess a vast store of innate stoical courage, mental abstraction, imperious ambition, or long intimacy with danger, before he can overcome all counteraction."

General Clausewitz includes danger as one of the *frictions* of war; what is meant by this appropriate term will be explained by the following extract:

"So long as we have no experience of actual war, one cannot comprehend wherein consist the difficulties of which so much is said, or where the genius or extraordinary powers required of a commander come most into play. Every thing appears so simple; all requisite knowledge so plain, all combinations so insignificant, that they are apparently trifling in comparison with the higher problems of mathematics or philosophy. But where a man has seen war; above all, when he has commanded, then all is comprehensible. And yet it is no easy matter to describe what the nature of the difficulty is, or to identify the various counteracting fluctuations.

"Every thing is simple in war; granted; but even the very simplest movements are difficult and uncertain of execution. Let one suppose, for instance, that a traveller has only two more relays to

complete his journey. Twenty miles with post horses and a high road—why it is nothing! He reaches the last stage but one, and can procure no horses, or bad ones; then it is a mountainous country, the roads are broken up, it is pitch dark, and an axletree breaks: he thinks himself fortunate to reach a neighboring village after infinite fatigue and delay, and is happy to put up with any accommodation he can meet with. Thus it occurs in war, that in consequence of the multitude of trifling obstacles, which never appear upon paper, the ablest combinations often fail, and the object is defeated. A firm and imperative mind may overcome these frictions and vanquish every obstacle, but not without destroying the acting agent; for even the most energetic will, is the slave of friction."

Look to the campaign of Moscow, to the non-arrival of Grouchy's corps on the afternoon of the battle of Waterloo, and other historical examples.

We must be pardoned if we give another instance of friction that occurred to our own troops during the peninsular war. It affords a striking proof of the manner in which the most insignificant causes may defeat the ablest combinations, and that the reputations of commanders are often subservient to hazard. During the last siege of Badajos, a corps was thrown out by Albhuera, upon the Seville road, in order to cover the operation of the besiegers. A strong French detachment occupied Llercan, an open town, and it was determined to cut these off by *coup de main*.\* The operation was well combined, and success appeared infallible. It was proposed to move across the country by a rapid forced march, and then, enveloping the place, to fall sword in hand upon the enemy. The troops and officers, though ignorant of the immediate object, easily divined the general motive; they were full of ardor, and after marching nearly the whole of twenty-four hours, arrived almost within gun-shot of their prey. It wanted but an hour to dawn, and with daylight the capture of the enemy seemed inevitable.—The night was pitchy dark, the troops with swelling hearts but silent tongues moved eagerly onward. Of a sudden, however, a shot fell in front of the centre column; this was followed by several others from the advance guard, and was taken up rapidly and sharply during a brief space by the main body. No one knew the cause; but an alarm was thus given, and as the grey mists of morning commenced yielding to the power of the sun, the last bayonets of the enemy's rear guard were seen winding up the adjacent mountain. The expedition had failed. It was asserted, we do not vouch for the fact, that this "friction" arose from an officer's servant, who with a led horse strayed from the road, advanced beyond the columns, and then finding out his error, was hurrying back; when, being mistaken for an enemy's patrol, he was fired upon by the *vi-dettes*, and thus giving the alarm to the enemy, they were enabled

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\* Lord Lynedock commanded the infantry, amongst which were the brigade of Guards; Lord Combermere the cavalry.

to escape. Now, here was a "friction" no human being could have anticipated, and yet the reputation of the commander unjustly suffered. War furnishes a thousand similar illustrations; but let us return to the author.

"Friction," says he, "is the only word that can tolerably well indicate the difference between *actual war* and *war upon paper*.—The military machine, that is, an army, and every thing appertaining to it, is in theory extremely simple, and appears easily handled. But it must be borne in mind, that no part of it is composed of one consolidated piece, and that the whole is made up of individual particles, each of which brings its own particular friction. Theoretically, this may appear of little consequence, for a commander of a regiment or battalion is responsible for the execution of his orders, and as the battalions are filed down by discipline to one solid instrument, the machine works like a cast iron beam, and with little comparative friction.

"But it is otherwise in reality. In actual war all the inequalities of joints and adjunctions immediately show themselves. A battalion, however homologous, must ever remain a machine composed of an assemblage of individuals, of whom the most insignificant has it in his power to cause delay or irregularity. The dangers and casualties inevitably attendant on war, the immense physical efforts that are required, augment this evil so much, that they may be considered as the principal causes of it.

"This prodigious *friction*, which is not concentrated on one or two given points, as in mechanics, is every where to be found in contact with accident, and thus produces results that cannot be anticipated, since they are solely the offspring of the latter. Take, for instance, the accidents of the weather. Here a fog prevents the discovery of the enemy, the correct firing of a brigade of guns, or the arrival of a report to the commander-in-chief at the proper moment. There a sudden deluge of rain destroys a road, swells a ford, and impedes the advance of a battalion, or the junction of squadrons, since they must march thirty instead of ten miles.—These two instances will suffice to explain to the reader the meaning of this most active obstacle to success. It is the knowledge of friction in all its possible bearings, that constitutes one of the most essential qualities in a good general. However, *he* is not the most efficient who lays too much stress upon friction, for such over deference would produce that want of energetic decision which is often met with, even amongst the most experienced. An officer should be intimately acquainted with all possible frictions, and make allowance for them, as mariners for the force of currents, but he should never permit himself to be imposed upon or depressed by them, or there would be an end to all action, and he would be unfit for command. His mind must rise superior to all hazards, let the consequences be what they may. A perfect knowledge of friction can never be acquired from theory, it can only be derived from experience. When this experience is backed and supported by an energetic mind, it forms one of the highest qualifications for commanders."



In the first chapter, second book, the author examines "the art of war, dividing it under the two principal heads, 'tactics and strategy.'" An intimate knowledge of the former may be said to be necessary to those commanding portions of an army, a perfect acquaintance with the latter to such as command in chief. We may here observe, that the British military annals afford strong grounds for affirming that those, on whom has devolved the important trust of selecting commanders-in-chief, have, on various occasions, either confounded the two sciences; or been fascinated by officers' reputations as able tacticians; and thus neglected to examine whether they were well versed in the sublimer art. And yet there is a wide distinction between the two, as between the powers for active command of such an officer as the late General Dundas, and those of the Duke of Wellington. The definition given by the author is, "Tactic is the study of employing armed bodies in battle—strategy that of employing battles in order to attain the object of war." A perfect knowledge of both is the perfection of the art. The first may be considered as the absolute employment of a given force, upon a definite space before the enemy; the second the general development of such force as is connected with ulterior objects, and the grand basis of the war itself. Evolutions during action are essentially tactical; movements prior or subsequent to battle belong to strategy. History affords a thousand examples of the effect of victories being neutralized by a deficiency of this science. The formation of a line, column or square, the placing a battery, in short, positive collision, are tactical operations. The predetermining a system of attack or defence, the distribution of force, and the knowing *how, where and when* to employ it, are the provinces of strategy.

"For instance, when a column or army is ordered to keep to this side of a river or chain of mountains, it is a strategical disposition, since the object, in the event of battle, is to force the enemy to combat on the ground selected by us. But when a corps is actually before the enemy, and in lieu of holding to the low ground is thrown upon the adjacent heights, or breaking into small columns, takes possession of a ravine, a defile, or breast-work, then it is a tactical disposition, since it proves the *immediate* mode in which it is intended to employ the troops during an encounter."

It is not easy to define whether the act of marching belongs *most* to strategy or tactics; for marching being an integral part of battle, and battle being the exercise of tactic, and development of strategy, both in this instance are so nearly allied, as to render the distinction almost impossible. Strategical combinations do not always lead to tactical results, for one may so combine marches and manœuvres, as to obtain the object without firing a shot: whence some argue that an enemy may be vanquished without a battle. Clausewitz considers this as an error, and we are inclined to coincide with him. Strategical combinations may disturb an enemy's plans and neutralize his manœuvres, and he may be for-

ced to choose a new basis of operations; but to effect any thing decisive, collision must ensue. The dissolution of armies, or the submission of a country, without the belligerents coming into contact, is of such rare occurrence, as to be looked upon as impossible; of course we only speak of powers equal in numerical strength. A battle may be postponed—a campaign may be devoted to marches and counter-marches, but the hour of collision must come. It is true, the antecedents to battle may be so preponderant, the prefatory operations so skilful, the combinations so unerring, and the frictions or hazards so trifling, as to render the issue nearly infallible; but still the encounter takes place, and there it is that the triumph of strategy over tactics becomes more evident, and its results more decisive.

The battle of Jena determined the fate of Prussia, that of Waterloo the destiny of France. But the antecedents were totally at variance. One was the result of strategy, the other of tactics. Never were mightier effects derived from more opposite causes.—Again, the Peninsular War may be said to have been a war of strategy; for the moments of collision were trifling in comparison with the duration of the contest, and the marchings and counter-marching of the opposing armies. The turning the British position at Busaco, though prefaced by a gross error on the part of Massena in attacking so strong a position in front, was a fine illustration of tactic; the retreat of the Duke of Wellington to Torres Vedras, a brilliant example of strategy. We know of no other events that can better illustrate our meaning, and yet the subsequent defeat of Massena, (for his retrograde movement was an absolute defeat,) was effected without a shot being fired. But the battles of Albuera and Salamanca brought up the balance. These were essentially tactical.\*

"Many readers," says General Clausewitz, "will consider it superfluous to endeavor to define the difference between two sciences apparently so nearly related as strategy and tactics, since the knowledge can have little influence on the art of war. A man must indeed be a great pedant were he to seek for the theoretical separation through its positive operations on the field of battle."

To ordinary minds we grant that such a definition may be superfluous, but, as the whole art of war resolves itself into an intimate knowledge of these two sciences, to those who would fain see clearly into all its recesses, and remove all confusion from their minds, the limits that divide the two cannot fail to be deeply interesting. Indeed, we again affirm, that its study should be a paramount consideration with those on whom devolves the selection of commander-in-chief.

The degree of knowledge, and the essential qualities for a man intrusted with this important charge, are subjects of frequent dis-

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\* The former may be objected to as an example; for the deplorable want of tactical skill displayed by the commander was only counterbalanced by the heroic devotion of the soldiers.

cussion. We have stated that *coup d'œil*, *strength of mind*, *energy*, *promptitude*, and *a knowledge of "friction,"* are absolutely requisite, and that the details of tactics are secondary considerations. General Clausewitz thus expresses himself on this subject.

"It is notorious that many distinguished officers, and above all, commanders-in-chief, have signalized themselves in war though their early education and resources of mind had been turned to other occupations. It is not less remarkable, also, that the most illustrious soldiers have never sprung from amongst what is termed the class of learned men or scientific officers: indeed, taking all circumstances into consideration, there is not one who could boast of any great share of science. Consequently, those persons have always been laughed at as pedants, who held it necessary, or even useful for the education of a future commander, that he should be instructed, or deeply versed in detail knowledge. Indeed, it is not difficult to comprehend that this study of detail might be more detrimental than useful; for the mind must naturally be biased by the ideas that are imparted to it, and receive its impressions from the subjects with which it is occupied. It is only by the loftier elements that the soul can be elevated towards the sublime; insignificant minutiae have an immediate tendency to render men narrow minded."

When speaking of the higher qualifications necessary for a commander-in-chief, the author gives the following passage:

"It is not required that he should be a learned historian or writer, but he must be acquainted with the higher elements of general politics; he must be well versed in its tendencies, its conflicting interests, and prominent features, and he must learn to judge the principal actors correctly. It is not requisite that he should be a profound searcher into human nature, nor a hair's-breadth anatomizer of man's character; but he must study the dispositions, mode of thinking, habits, and endeavor to discover the failings as well as particular merits of those under his command. He may be ignorant of the mechanical composition of gun-carriages, projectiles, or the horsing of a battery, but he must know how to calculate their effects and movement, and be able to judge of the time necessary for the march of a column under every obstacle."

The eye of the commander must be like that of the eagle, which embraces at one swoop every object within its elevated sphere of vision—not like that of the astronomer, who can only descry objects within the focus of his lenses. There never yet existed a distinguished commander of confined vision. Here we speak of spiritual optics; but examples are frequent of men who have filled secondary situations with rare merit, but who have fallen beneath mediocrity when raised to supreme command, and this, because they possessed all the minutiae of tactical detail, without any of the loftier or more expansive qualities of strategical genius. On the other hand, instances are not unfrequent of great commanders who never rose above mediocrity as regimental or brigade generals.—Their minds required a more extended field of action. The instances that might be adduced would fill a volume.



The fourth chapter is devoted to "method." By method is meant system, order of battle, or formations peculiar to any given power or period. The basis of the whole may be said to spring from the same source, but the means of development have passed through various modifications, all however converging in one centre. We will not accompany the author through the definitions of what he terms "the logical hierarchy of system," but merely take one or two of his illustrations: for instance, "The oblique order of battle, peculiar to the school of Frederick the Great; the long diffuse lines of the revolutionary generals, and the bloody and concentrated energy of Napoleon's masses." The British possess no absolute system, though their order of battle partakes more of the two first than the latter method: indeed, the use of the column may be said to have been little employed until a late period of the war. The line and square were the most salient characteristics, but this arose from the fact, that in four cases out of five the British troops *received the enemy*. The mode of formation by two ranks is peculiar almost to English troops, but this is a question of direct tactics. Whilst the author admits the necessity of not banishing fixed principles or method altogether, he deprecates a slavish adherence to it, and in this all men of experience must concur. The evil is, that every given method must originally have been grounded upon some peculiar local circumstance, and consequently as circumstances are perpetually changing, method must outlive the events that gave them birth; the one becomes permanent, the other is evanescent. It is this slavish adherence to system, that theory, aided by enlightened criticism, should endeavor to counteract.

"For instance, by adhering to the oblique method of Frederick in 1806, the Prussian generals, Prince Louis, at Saalfeld, General Tauenzien, on the Domberg, near Jena, and General Crawert in front, and Ruchel behind Kappeldorf, plunging themselves into the abyss. This was not only a grovelling adherence to obsolete system, but the uttermost poverty of mind, to which method ever conducted. Thus, the army of Prince Hohenlohe was defeated in a manner of which there is scarcely any precedent in history."

The frankness with which the author criticises the operations of his countrymen is remarkable: the reader will find another interesting example of this frankness further on, when speaking of Blücher's disasters in 1814. The fifth chapter is devoted to "criticism," and demonstrates its importance in correcting errors, modifying systems, and introducing improvements.

"The effect of theoretical truths on practical life are produced more by the aid of criticism than study; for criticism is an application of these truths to positive occurrences. The one brings the other into life. The former accustoms the mind to the reception of the latter. We esteem it necessary, therefore, to place the point of departure of theory upon a level with that of criticism. The latter must, however, be distinguished from the simple narration of an historical occurrence, which merely reproduces events, or, at

best, only touches upon such matters as are intimately connected with them. Three operations of the mind are necessary to criticism. Firstly, the historical discovery and determining of doubtful occurrences; but this is mere research unconnected with theory. Secondly, the deduction of effects from causes; this is essentially theoretical, for by this means conclusions and inferences are borne out and enlightened by experience and results. Thirdly, the examination of any proposed measure. This is the truest and most beneficial criticism, including praise or objugation. Here history, and the examples derived from it, act as auxiliaries. In the two latter operations, the effect or utility depends upon the application, and upon the tracing up events to their primitive creation, that is, to positive facts, and not, as is too often the case, merely going half way, and contenting one's self with arbitrary conclusions or presuppositions."

In the whole scope of criticism, nothing is more opposed to the first part of Boileau's maxim, "*la critique est aisée, et l'art est difficile*," than strictures upon military operations. In almost all other occurrences in life, the subject, whether moral or physical, is before one's eyes. In literature, science, politics, finance, and mechanics, the facts may be said to be tangible, and are so embodied as to be within one's grasp; but in war, all is speculation, hazard, and uncertainty. A combination fails; we cannot positively say, had this or that been done, success was inevitable; for, up to the last moment of combat, victory may still elude one's grasp. The operations of war are multifarious, divergent, rarely arising from or being confined to one given point or space. They are constantly struggling against a thousand conflicting elements that are countermining each other. Military criticism may be said to be entirely theoretical or speculative, for there is scarcely any tangible rule by which we are enabled to decide, unless, indeed, some palpable error has been committed, and then criticism is superfluous, and blame imperative.

Military critics have rarely an opportunity of judging upon the spot, or of ascending into causes, which latter, are either secrets confided by governments to commanders, or emanate from circumstances known only to themselves. The critic, however impartial, experienced and enlightened, is always surrounded by a greater or less obscurity. He cannot define an issue, for effects must always be problematical, and therefore the most sagacious criticism must ever have its basis upon speculation. Thus, it has its origin in theory, and its termination in doubt; for it is not less difficult to mount up to causation than to descend to results. But the great error fallen into by the generality of critics, has been specified by General Clausewitz: for men generally content themselves with blame without devising the remedy.

Criticism may be likened to anatomy or medicine. What, then, for instance, should we say of a surgeon or physician, when called in to consult upon a case, were he to exclaim, "You are ailing, the seat of your malady is in the digestive organs, you have pur-

sued a pernicious regimen, a different system ought to have been adopted, I disapprove of all that has been done:" and having said so quits the room.

"True criticism," observes the author, "is not only an examination of the means actually employed, but of all other means that might have been employed, and no man is justified in *condemning* unless he has a *better method to propose*."

We have selected the following example of the author's illustrations of criticism, because it contains some speculations not commonly known, and which must have the greater weight and interest, as coming from such a source. General Clausewitz's intimate knowledge of facts cannot be called in question.

"When Napoleon, after beating Blucher's army, in 1814, in the battles of Etoges, Champaubert, Montmirail, &c., turned his force against Schwarzenberg's corps, and defeated it at Montreau and Mormant, every one was filled with admiration; because Napoleon by thus marching and countermarching his main body, brilliantly availed himself of the error committed by the allies in separating their forces; and certainly if these splendid and unilateral operations did not save him, it is the *general opinion* that the fault was not his. However, no one has hitherto asked the question—what would have been the result, if in lieu of abandoning Blucher to attack Schwarzenberg, he had followed up his successes against the former, and pursued him to the Rhine? It is our conviction that a total revolution must have ensued in the campaign, and that the grand allied army, instead of moving upon Paris, *would have recrossed the Rhine*. We do not desire any one to adopt our opinion, but no one, who comprehends the subject, can deny, that the *mention* of the alternative is but the natural result of critical consideration of the case. Let us introduce two or three simple truths in illustration of our hypothesis.

"Firstly,—It is generally admitted that it is more advantageous to follow up successes in one direction than to waste one's strength in marches and counter-marches, because the latter is not only a loss of time, but the force of an enemy being diminished by defeat, fresh advantages are more likely to be obtained by rapid pursuit; and besides, one does not throw away the moral advantages already acquired, or give the foe time to breathe and reorganize.\*

"Secondly,—Blucher, though numerically weaker than Schwarzenberg, was a much more dangerous adversary, on account of his enterprising character, and in fact the grand point of action that carried every thing else with it, was centered in him.

"Thirdly,—The loss Blucher had suffered was tantamount to defeat, and gave Napoleon so great a superiority over him, that his retreat to the Rhine could scarcely be doubtful, more especially as upon this line there were no reinforcements or important reserves.

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\* Military critics find fault with the Duke of Wellington for having more than once neglected this principle; but they are not aware of the local difficulties that clogged his movements.



"Fourthly—No other possible result could have acted more powerfully upon men's minds, or have produced more gigantic moral consequences. In an army so notoriously undecided and timid as that of Schwarzenberg, this retreat would have been looked upon as a death blow. The losses sustained by the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg and Count Wittgenstein at Montereau and Mormant, were correctly known to Prince Schwarzenberg, but those endured by Blucher along his extensive and detached line of operations from the Marne to the Rhine, were only brought to his ears through the medium of report. The desperate demonstration made by Napoleon on Vitri, in March, when he essayed the effect that would be produced on his enemies by menacing to turn their flanks, was evidently based upon the principle of inspiring terror. But circumstances were totally altered, for he had failed at Laon and Arcis sur Aube, and Blucher had joined Schwarzenberg, with nearly one hundred thousand men. There will, doubtless, be many persons who will not be satisfied with these considerations, but at all events they cannot give us any reply; for Napoleon, by pressing upon the Rhine, would have menaced Schwarzenberg's basis of operation, whilst Schwarzenberg could only endanger that of Napoleon by threatening Paris; and we have endeavored to show, that had Napoleon pursued Blucher, Prince Schwarzenberg would never have thought of moving upon the French capital."

The last chapter of the second book is devoted to the illustration of "Example," which may at first sight appear so intimately connected with experience as to render definition superfluous. But the difference is greater than is supposed. Experience being the result of what we see, comes in all its virility and vigor home to the mind. Example being the produce of what we read, nothing in military study is more difficult to seize with discrimination. Indeed, it requires no ordinary talent to sift the ore from the dross, and to retain such portions as may lead to beneficial consequences. Of what use is it to store one's mind with examples culled from history, unless our interest guides us to a proper application? and this is the more perplexing, since example is in constant contradiction to itself. For instance, we find twenty occasions where the adoption of a given method has produced the most fortunate results, whilst at the same time twenty more instances can be adduced when the employment of the same measure has entailed destruction.

It is not enough, therefore, to store one's mind with precept, it is the genius to extract light from it that is most requisite: otherwise the mind would only be comparable to a vast arsenal, where the stores were thrown in promiscuously without order or classification. It is a trite saying, "take warning from example;" but in war, where so much depends upon locality, hazard, and upon unforeseen accidents, example loses much of its influence. Battles are perpetual innovations on precept, and differ as much one from the other as the face of one man from that of his neighbor. Battles have not unfrequently been fought on the same ground; but

there is, we believe, scarcely one instance of commanders recurring to antecedents for the disposition of their troops. The genius, the inspiration of the moment, must decide.

"When one considers," says General Clausewitz, "the various influences of example, one can well comprehend the urgent necessity of mature study. A circumstance that is not carefully sifted and examined in all its bearings, may be compared to an object seen at a distance, its sinuosities and proportions are veiled, and it appears equiform to the eye.

"In fact, examples have often tended to produce the most conflicting opinions. Let us take, for instance, Daun's campaigns, which were models of prudence on one side, and of indecision and timidity on the other. Again, Napoleon's passage of the Alps, in 1797, may be considered as a proof of the most daring energy, but it was utterly devoid of prudence."

But our extracts have already exceeded all just limits; we must, therefore take leave of the author for the present, proposing to return to the remaining books upon some future occasion. In the meantime we strongly reiterate our recommendation of the work to those who have any inclination to profit from the rich stores of enlightened knowledge that abounds in almost every page.\*

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## THE PORT FOLIO OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

### FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

"Verses upon tombs are but idly spent,  
"The living character is the monument."

The cemetery which holds the precious remains of the American Philosopher, contains also the above striking epitaph, inscribed upon the stone of a neighboring grave; an epitaph which could have been engraved with due propriety upon the slab covering the ashes of him who led the bard to exclaim, in sublime but almost impious verse—

"Qui dèsarmer les dieux, peut-il craindre les Rois?"

To one who was familiar with the grand cemeteries of Europe, where gorgeous monuments are erected to the great and the learned, and where kings and emperors sleep beneath the Parian marble and statues of bronze, this humble but republican grave-yard offered nothing extraordinary, save the spot where the philosopher and patriarch of American literature reposed. Here, the pilgrim may forget awhile aristocratical pomp, when his eye catches the slab of the plainest finish, over the last mortal relics of a man who

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\*There is, we believe, no translation of this work in any language, although it is a book that ought to be in the hands of all military men, and is well adapted for the military college.

taught crowned heads a lesson which they never can forget, and reads this simple inscription :

BENJAMIN }  
DEBORAH } FRANKLIN.

Those who have read the life of the American Solon, well remember the independent principle always predominant in the breast of this true republican. When summoned to appear before the bar of the British House of Commons, he nobly answered to the question—"What is your name and place of abode?" "Franklin, of Philadelphia."

In paying a humble tribute at the tomb of one of the immortal signers of the Declaration of our Independence, how many associating circumstances seize upon the mind, when meditating upon the eventful days of this most profound writer and statesman; even from the time he composed his youthful lay, the "Light-house Tragedy," to the more glorious days of his triumph in the Royal Academy of Paris, when embraced by the old philosopher of Ferney, Voltaire. The whole kingdom was proud to receive him. Every thing in the French metropolis was *à la Franklin*. D'Alembert paid the American philosopher the highest compliment ever bestowed upon a human being, in modern days. The eyes of Europe were upon him, and only ceased gazing when he left the shores, to land upon those of liberty, where the veteran of '76 was received amidst the shouts of applause and acclamations of joy. "I saw him," says an old departed revolutioner, "as he landed at the Chesnut street wharf, (Philadelphia,) and the thousand friendly hands that were extended to him as he walked up Market street. It was a day of great rejoicing. All knew that he had landed, and crowds were flocking together to see once more their 'Old Lightning Rod,' as he was familiarly called."

Franklin lived to serve posterity; and future generations will adore the man who meekly styled himself "Poor Richard," and bestow upon his memory their best eulogy. Authors of every nation knew how to appreciate his works, and they continue to be admired until the present day. "The pen of this great man, (says the amiable Zimmerman,) renders the most abstruse principles easy and familiar. He conveys his instructions in pleasing narrations, lively adventures, or humorous observations; and while his manner wins upon the heart by the friendly interest he appears to take in the concerns of mankind, his matter instils into the mind the soundest principles of morals and good policy. He makes fancy the handmaid to reason in her researches into science, and penetrates the understanding through the medium of the affections. A secret charm pervades every part of his works. He rivets the attention by the strength of his observations, and relieves it by the variety of pleasing images with which he embellishes his subject. The perspicuity of his style, and the equally easy and eloquent turn of his periods, give life and energy to his thoughts; and while the reader feels his heart bounding with delight, he finds



his mind impregnated with instruction. These high advantages were derived from his having studied the world, and gained an accurate knowledge of mankind."

Thus, men of science and genius were eager to eulogize the founder of American literature; and never was it said that he wrote in vain. His maxims are practised and followed up, and highly esteemed by every lover of pure principles of morality and virtue.

But the time has arrived when we must leave the grave of Franklin. The aged poplar near his tomb is fast falling; the slab itself will crumble to pieces; but, in the feeling language of the good old parson Weems, we would say, "the friend of man needs no stone of the valley to perpetuate his memory."

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#### LAFAYETTE.

Never can we forget the sensation produced throughout the country upon the arrival of the "last of the Generals of our Revolution;" when he paid us a national visit, and we hailed him as "The Nation's Guest." In every mouth could be heard—"Lafayette has arrived!" Not an American but felt the strong desire of seeing that man, who adopted our cause, and of whom so much had been said. Every one can recollect the auspicious day which announced the landing of the "friend of Washington," amidst the roar of cannon and the spontaneous acclamations of joy.

In recalling our mind to the time in which he honored our little town in the west with his presence, we feel in some degree the heartfelt pleasure we then enjoyed as he passed the review. The day was beautiful, and the "ethereal frame" never presented a more interesting aspect than on the memorable 4th of June, 1825. The General, who had so often commanded veteran troops, and who had reviewed the National Guards of France, was now invited to behold a few companies of volunteers, the best of whom offered but a grotesque appearance, when compared to the troops of Europe; yet, with all good graces and fatherly kindness, the old General seemed to show by his countenance, that he was well pleased, and that the soldiers did as well as they could. We ourselves felt persuaded that the town had never before witnessed such a muster; and every thing appeared to evince the belief that it was the desire of the whole to present a formidable array and martial-like parade; and as the battalions moved along, to the favorite airs of Columbia, each member, from the colonel down to the lowest triangle boy, seemed to say, "You have seen us when we were a young nation, without the least resource, and almost destitute of the munitions of war, but now behold what famous soldiers we have become!"

The volunteer corps having passed and retired, Lafayette repaired to the hotel, and there had the pleasure of seeing some of his old soldiers, who had fought by his side. It is said that the

scene presented by Napoleon's sudden and unexpected return from Elba, among the old Guard, was melting and almost produced delirium among the soldiery. This madness, caused by a momentary joy, soon vanished; but how different the interview between Lafayette and his former companions in arms. After a lapse of years, he meets them, retired from all military life, quietly reposing under the peaceful shades of good old age, amid prosperity and the admiration of millions of freemen! The sight was indescribable. It was a picture that the imagination could not paint. After an absence of nearly forty years, to return again to the bosom of former associates of the military profession, and recognize each other, was truly a pathetic scene to the spectators. We noticed every feature; and although the crowd under the awning was great, we distinctly heard the General speak to his old comrades, and relate some anecdotes of the past. With a few exceptions, he knew them all. Hundreds of questions were asked by Lafayette about certain officers and men. It reminded us of Philoctetes on his rock, inquiring after his former companions.

Nothing can compare with the pleasure manifested on the occasion, and every thing was invented to show to the General that his visit among the inhabitants called forth the most cordial congratulations. To an individual who thus exclaimed, that "the day was as great as the fourth of July!" "Greater;" replied old Corporal Gray, as he wiped the tear from his eyes. In the evening, a very aged soldier was presented to the General, as being nearly one hundred and six years old. Being extremely deaf, it was with great difficulty that the old man could be made to understand who the individual was with whom he was about shaking hands. After repeatedly sounding in his ears that it was General Lafayette, he at once remembered having seen him with General Washington in Virginia, and immediately cried out—"I thought he was dead!" And there were many who, with the old man, believed Lafayette to have died many years ago.

The General, wishing to rest that evening from the labors of a long journey, retired early; and indeed this was rendered necessary for the preservation of his health. All dispersed peaceably, and the town remained quiet until about ten in the evening, when, to our astonishment, a company of volunteers paraded through the streets, with drums beating, and marched into the chamber where Lafayette, George, and Colonel Levasseur were sleeping. This, under any circumstance, would have proved *mal a propos*, as it was indeed; but the General merely smiled, and saluted them as he had probably never before been called to do, to any troops. We were informed next day that Lafayette jocosely alluded to the strange scene, and contented himself by saying—" *C'est la rage militaire.*"

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#### WASHINGTON AND THE HUCKSTER.

It has frequently been said that Washington was not only distant and reserved with those of his own household, but more so with

the soldiery. This was not the case, but the reverse, as many anecdotes will prove. The General, when not absorbed in the more important duties of his station, would familiarly sport with the rank and file, and sometimes engage in diverting his troops with amusements; particularly at a time when the prospects of peace and a happy termination of the struggle wore an aspect of gloom and dismay.

An old corporal, who had been attached to Washington's service for many years, related several anecdotes of the old General; among them we remember that of the Huckster of New Jersey. "The army," said the veteran corporal, "had been a long time on a march, and when encamped was almost destitute of provisions. Reduced to short allowance, every one prepared to receive his morsel, in hopes of seeing better days. During the encampment, there appeared among the troops a huckster with a cart load of nuts and fruit, which to the soldiers offered a great temptation. Washington, who knew that his men were penniless, and would be grieved at not being able to purchase, ordered the huckster to leave forthwith the commons; but the man, anxious to sell, obstinately refused. The General (whose order probably had been disobeyed for the first time,) sent for the man and thus explained the condition of his men; that it were useless for him to remain any longer on the ground, and in the mildest tone requested him again to *begone*. The huckster still remained unmoved, and persisted in staying on the commons. Washington was determined not to be out-generaled, and by this time had lost all patience at the stubbornness of the man; he therefore ordered a few soldiers to upset the cart, and such scrambling I have never seen before nor since. In a few minutes not a vestige was left, save the nut-shells. This was the only time I had heard Washington laugh out. During the scene of the eager contest, he seemed so diverted, that if it were possible for one to crack his sides, he surely did on that memorable day. Nothing was afterwards heard of the obstinate huckster, who must have discovered that it was no small thing to trifle with the General."

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**NEGRO PICKED UP AT SEA.**—A letter received in Boston from Portland, states that a Guinea negro was picked up at sea, in the Gulf Stream, by the schooner *Emeline*, at the distance of six hundred and forty miles from Cuba, and brought to that port. He was in a small canoe, and had left Cuba to escape from slavery under a hard master. He had been from Congo in Africa only five or six months, and was almost exhausted when fallen in with by the schooner. General Fessenden has taken him into his family.



## FORIEGN SELECTIONS.

### MARINE ARTILLERY.

*To the Editors of the United Service Gazette.*

GENTLEMEN: If the following remarks on the use of shells on ship-board are suitable for the columns of your journal, they are much at your service.

I remain, gentlemen,

Your very respectful and obedient servant,

WILLIAM HENRY ROCHFORD.

*late Lieut. Colonel of Horse Artillery in the service of H. M. F. M.  
Donna Maria II, and formerly of the H. E. I. C.'s Artillery.*

29, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND, May 5, 1835.

1st. The hollow shot or shell to explode without fuze, etc., etc.

The effect of a shell 13, 10, 8, or even 5½ inch, bursting on board ship, is admitted by all naval men to be of the most tremendous and destructive order, and the great objection to the more general use of shells on ship-board, arises, in the first instance, from the danger of carrying loose or uncapped shells about, either between or upon deck, amidst the fire that lays and blows about in action, to which, in loading, the shell must necessarily be exposed, one single spark of such fire being sufficient to ignite the uncapped fuze, and cause consequent explosion on or between decks, as the case may be.

A second, and scarcely less serious objection, is the inconvenient, very heavy, cumbersome ordnance from which a shell has to be projected, mortars generally excepted for the discharge of *shrapnells*, which, however, I believe, are but very seldom used on ship-board.

The impracticability of ranging this unwieldy ordnance, alternately or otherwise, with guns or carronades along the decks of our ships of war, is admitted. A kind of substitute for projecting large hollow shot has been adopted on board some of our men-of-war steamers, carrying 68 pounders; but the hollow shot so projected perform the office of shot only. They do not, indeed are not intended to, explode, and shells are not projected therefrom for reasons already assigned.

To meet all these objections, I have invented a shell, which may be made to *any diameter or calibre*, and which shall explode, *without fuze*, upon striking the vessel or object with which it comes in collision. Hence disappears the danger of unexpected explosion from the fire blowing about in action igniting the fuze.

It will immediately appear evident that to effect this I have resorted to percussion, and I am aware that the French artillerists

have been long seeking this grand desideratum, hitherto without success. Some of their ideas were exceedingly ingenious, although, I must say, and I certainly say it with no disrespectful feeling, puerile. One, indeed, shown me by Colonel Barbe, at the Minister of Marine's, although, as I have said, ingenious, reminded me of that child's plaything, *cup and ball*, rather than of a machine for the extermination of mankind.

Capt. Norton's rifle-shell answers for detonating purposes very well at such ranges up to which the front of his shell is preserved, to effect which it is necessary to groove or rifle both the shell, which is of oblong form, not round, and the cylinder through which the shell is propelled, in order to obtain a spiral instead of a rotary motion for the shell through the air, and which latter motion is natural to the projectile.

The inconvenience and expense, if not the impracticability, of grooving shells and ordnance, are evident; and if neither such inconvenience, expense, or impracticability existed, yet would the great object remain unattained: for from even a grooved cylinder a projectile will preserve its front only for a very short distance.—I believe Captain Norton grooved a three-pounder, and that the shells discharged therefrom preserved their front and exploded at a distance of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards, the percussion copper-cap in all instances occupying the place and doing the duty of a fuze. Captain Norton's *rifle shells* would answer, I should imagine, for blowing up ammunition wagons on the line of march, that were not so well, and less proof, constructed than our own; but as it is preferable always to capture rather than destroy, where it is possible, I should not think they would be always in requisition. A few *rifle-flankers*, so provided for an emergency, might no doubt be advantageous, but these shells have no analogy whatever with the shell of my construction.

It must not be imagined that there is difficulty in contriving a shell, which, by being forcibly propelled against a hard substance, such as a ship's side, shall explode. The difficulty does not lay here, but exists, first, in the so contriving the shell, if to explode by copper-cap percussion upon the RIFLE-SHELL principle, that it shall, upon being discharged out of any gun or cylinder, not grooved or rifled, preserve its front always to any, no matter what, distance of its range.

Now to effect this—it would be necessary, as in Captain Norton's case, to subvert one of the fundamental laws of motion, or, indeed, of nature; I have therefore preferred propitiating or yielding to nature, and the law therefore arising, rather than combat so powerful an antagonist. I leave, therefore, the projectile, or shell—to all appearance an ordinary round shot, (of whatever diameter it may be,) to take its natural course and motion rotatory through the air. Instead of an oblong *grooved* shot or shell, to fit a grooved or rifle cylinder, as I have described the rifle-shells to be, my shell is round; and, as I have said, apparently an ordinary round shot; the ordnance from which it is to be projected

is *any* ordnance now in use, whether howitzer, gun, or carronade.

The next difficulty to be surmounted is, to insure that although the shell shall explode upon contact or collision with a substance, such as a ship's side, yet that it shall not explode from the propelling power or impetus given to it by the charge of powder in the gun from which it is discharged.

It appeared strange to me to hear the French artillerymen, who are certainly by no means inferior to our own in science, declare that they had no means whereby to regulate the resistance of these comparative shocks, viz. 1st, the *shock* or shot upon leaving its ordnance; 2d, the *shock* or shot's impingement upon point of impact or ship's side.

The first of these shocks comprises three resistances, viz: the impetus itself given to shock—the friction of shot through chase of ordnance—the resistance of air.

The second shock is confined to one resistance only, viz: impingement upon place of impact on ship's side.

Now, the impetus and friction of shot through cylinder, expressed in the first instance, will depend, or rather vary, according to charge of powder; and, again, the resistance of air to balls of equal velocities, being nearly in the ratio of their squared diameters, will vary also, according to charge of powder directly.

But the resistance of impingement upon a ship's side is equal to the resistance of so much solidity of timber, (quality,) as ship's side represents, being an immoveable plane meeting a *perfectly hard body*, impelled with the impetus with which it is projected through the air, and this principle is the law of nature and motion, that reaction is equal to action, and in a contrary direction.

In the first instance, therefore, we find the impetus communicated to projectile met only by the friction of cylinder and resistance of air. Now the friction of any shot through its cylinder has not been determined; and this friction dependant upon windage, is of two sorts, *superior* and *inferior*—*above* and *below*; the friction above being as three to nineteen below, when the gun is at point blank, or at no elevation.

But as the two frictions never occur simultaneously, and as the friction above is considerably less frequent in its occurrence than below, the above proportion will not serve for data, and especially because the upper and lower friction is variable, and the one becomes more or less so according to increased or depressed elevation of ordnance.

But if we take the friction of shot generally at point-blank to be about that of steam-carriages, viz., 1-240th of their weight, we shall approximate to the truth; and if we multiply this result by the impetus to be given to projectile, we shall arrive at nearly the *quantity* of friction of shot over an ordinary cylinder of six feet and a half.

The shell, therefore, must be so constructed, in the first instance, that its detonating power shall be capable of resisting this shock of impetus and friction.



Now, it will appear evident that such shock can never amount to any thing like the shock of shot impinged upon point of impact about two feet thick of solid timber, such as is about the thickness of a line-of-battle-ship's timbers.

By the law of nature and motion, action and reaction being equal, but in a contrary direction, the shock of *two feet* thick of timber would be the impetus of projectile force, multiplied by the resistance of timber, multiplied by the weight of shot.

A comparison of results will immediately show the difference of two shocks, and how much the force or pressure from within, requisite to sustain the shock or pressure from without, is naturally less in the first instance than in the last.

The rods, therefore, of my detonating shell, together with the thickness of circumference metal, are not required to be anything like so proof to withstand the first, as to withstand the second shock. But we do *not desire* to withstand the second shock; we desire, on the contrary, to explode, and it must be evident to the most ordinary understandings that a proportionate power of resistance being given to the rods, or thickness of shell, will enable them to overcome the one and explode upon the other.

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COMMUNICATING LONGITUDE AT SEA.—Lieutenant Liddell, R. N., of the East India ship *Wellington*, has published a suggestion that ships should always signalize their *Greenwich time* instead of their *longitude*. "Let there be inserted, (says he) among the general signals these additional ones: 'What is your Greenwich time?' And 'My Greenwich time is,' with this explanatory note. 'The ship answering or making the signal will hoist at the mizen, or wherever it may be best seen, the ensign made up in a ball, and in a minute after, will dip it; the moment of dipping being rated by the chronometers on board the different ships.' The signal for Greenwich time will immediately follow, (omitting the hours,) and the dipping of the ensign can be repeated, if any doubt exist. It is evident that this method will obviate the necessity of any calculation, and be quite free from the errors often attending it. To prove the advantage which must often result from this plan, it may be as well to mention a case of frequent occurrence, similar to many I have myself witnessed within the last few years. Let us suppose a homeward bound vessel should meet a ship which had left England a week previously, and having been thick weather, the outward bound had had no observation for latitude for some days. It is clear that this ship could afford the other little or no service by giving her longitude by chronometer, as a wrong assumed latitude, in calculating for time, might cause an error of more than a degree, while, on the other hand, by giving the Greenwich time, the homeward bound vessel would in all probability be put within a mile of the truth." This suggestion appears to us to be worthy of universal adoption.—*United Service Gazette*.

## STATIONS OF THE OFFICERS OF THE FOURTH INFANTRY,

On the 1st August, 1835.

*Brevet Brigadier General Clinch*, Colonel Fourth Infantry, commanding the troops in Florida, has his head quarters at Fort King; Post Office, Seminole agency.

*Lieutenant Colonel D. E. Twiggs*, commanding the regiment; head quarters temporarily at the Bay St. Louis, Miss.; Post Office, New Orleans, Louisiana.

*Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Wm. S. Foster*, Major, stationed at Baton Rouge, La.

*Brevet Majors.*

J. S. McIntosh,	-	-	Fort Mitchell, Alabama.
J. M. Glassell,	-	-	Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
P. Wager,	-	-	Philadelphia, general recruiting service, E. D.
F. L. Dade,	-	-	Key West, Florida.
H. Wilson,	-	-	On furlough, at Pensacola, Florida.
R. M. Sands,	-	-	Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
Wm. W. Lear,	-	-	Do.

*Captains.*

George W. Allen,	-	-	Newport, Kentucky, recruiting service; W. D.
John Page,	-	-	Moving Choctaw Indians, station not fixed.
Wm. M. Graham,	-	-	Fort King, Florida; Post Office, Seminole agency.

*First Lieutenants.*

A. W. Thornton,	-	-	Pensacola, sick.
William Martin,	-	-	Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
P. Morrison,	-	-	New Orleans, Louisiana.
George A. McCall,	-	-	Memphis, Tennessee, Aid-de-camp to General Gaines.
L. Thomas,	-	-	Washington, District of Columbia.
R. D. C. Collins,	-	-	Little Rock, Arkansas Territory.
E. Phillips,	-	-	On furlough, at Louisville, Kentucky.
G. Morris,	-	-	Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
F. D. Newcomb,	-	-	Do.
T. Paige,	-	-	Not known where.

*Second Lieutenants.*

S. R. Allston,	-	-	Fort Mitchell, Alabama.
Washington Hood,	-	-	Washington, District of Columbia.
C. S. Howe,	-	-	Camp Cass; Post Office, Calhoun, Tennessee.
R. B. Screven,	-	-	Bay St. Louis; Post Office, New Orleans.
R. C. Buchanan,	-	-	Bay St. Louis. ( <i>Adjutant.</i> )
D. A. Manning,	-	-	Key West, Florida. ( <i>Dead.</i> )
C. H. Larned,	-	-	Newport, Kentucky, recruiting service; W. D.
B. R. Alden,	-	-	West Point, New York.
Frederick Wilkinson,	-	-	New Orleans, Louisiana.
W. W. S. Bliss,	-	-	West Point, New York.

*Brevet Second Lieutenants.*

B. Alvord,	-	-	Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
J. L. Hooper,	-	-	Camp Cass, Tenn.; Post Office, Calhoun, Tennessee.
J. W. McCrabb,	-	-	Washington, District of Columbia.
A. C. Myers,	-	-	Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
H. L. Scott,	-	-	Bay St. Louis, Miss.; Post Office, New Orleans.
J. Graham,	-	-	Fort King, Florida; Post Office, Seminole agency.

## MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

### *Stations of the Companies of the Fourth Regiment of Artillery.*

- Company A—Brevet Major Gardner, Fort Monroe, Virginia.  
 " B—Captain Washington, do. do.  
 " C—Captain Galt, do. do.  
 " D—Brevet Major Pierce, Fort Hamilton, New York.  
 " E—Brevet Major Payne, Fort Trumbull, Connecticut.  
 " F—Brevet Major Whiting, Fort Columbus, New York.  
 " G—Captain Munroe, Fort Hamilton, New York.  
 " H—Captain Brown, Fort Hamilton, New York harbor.  
 " I—Brevet Major Erving, Fort McHenry, Maryland.

The Head quarters of the regiment are at Fort McHenry, Maryland.

The station of the Lieutenant Colonel, at Fort Hamilton, New York harbor.

The station of the Major, at Fort Trumbull, Connecticut.

### APPOINTMENTS.

Charles M. Hitchcock, of Ohio, Assistant Surgeon, 11th August.

William W. Hoxton, of Maryland, Assistant Surgeon, 24th August.

A Court of Inquiry was convened at West Point, on Monday, 31st August, by direction of the President of the United States; composed of Brevet Major General Thomas S. Jesup, Q. M. G., Brevet Colonel J. G. Totten, of the Engineer Corps, and Lieutenant Colonel I. B. Crane, of the Second Artillery; Lieutenant J. W. Barry, First Artillery, Recorder.

A board of officers has been ordered to assemble at the Watervliet Arsenal, on the 1st September, to examine the new field gun-carriages, harness and equipments, constructed at that arsenal from the French and English patterns. The board will consist of Brevet Brig. Gen. J. E. Wool, Brevet Brig. Gen. C. Gratiot, Brevet Brig. Gen. A. Eustis, members of the board of ordnance. Brevet Lieut. Col. W. J. Worth, and Captain A. Mordecai, of the Ordnance Department.

Brevet Major Cobbs, senior captain of the second regiment of infantry, is assigned to duty as field officer of that regiment, during the absence of the colonel, on higher command.

Captain C. Wharton, of the dragoons, has closed his rendezvous at Philadelphia, and proceeded to Boston, to open another.

Lieutenant T. B. Wheelock, of the dragoons, is ordered to report to Captain Wharton, at Boston, for temporary duty.

Company C, of the fourth regiment United States infantry, under the command of Lieut. S. R. Allston, arrived at Fort Mitchell on the 20th July.

Companies F and H, of the seventh infantry, under the command of Captain F. Lee, marched from Fort Gibson on the 10th July, to reinforce the dragoons under Major Mason. The infantry took with them a light field piece.

Captain Hunter's company D, of the dragoons, had returned to Fort Gibson.

Companies, B from Fort Severn and F from Fort Washington, both of the first artillery, have been ordered to Washington city, temporarily, for such services as may be required of them.

On the mutual application of the parties, and without prejudice to the rank of any officer, Brevet Second Lieutenant J. H. Stokes, of the second artillery, is transferred to the fourth artillery; and Brevet Second Lieutenant M. Blair, of the fourth, is transferred to the second artillery.

On the mutual application of the parties, Assistant Surgeon Sprague, at Fort Sullivan, is ordered to Hancock Barracks; and Assistant Surgeon Tripler, now at Hancock Barracks, is ordered to Fort Sullivan.

Assistant Surgeon H. A. Stinnecke, ordered 7th August to duty at Fort Washington.



Assistant Surgeon J. A. Brereton, ordered from Fort Independence to Fort McHenry.

Assistant Surgeon W. W. Hexton, to Fort Moultrie, to relieve Assistant Surgeon Wharton. On being relieved at Fort Moultrie, Assistant Surgeon W. L. Wharton will proceed to Fort Johnston, North Carolina, and report for duty.

Assistant Surgeon C. M. Hitchcock ordered to duty at Camp Cass, Tenn.

#### RESIGNATIONS.

Captain Joshua Howard, first artillery, to take effect 31st December.

Captain H. H. Loring, third infantry, to take effect 31st October.

### NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

**MEDITERRANEAN.**—The United States frigate Constitution, bearing the broad pendant of Commodore J. D. Elliott, sailed from New York on the 19th August, for the Mediterranean. So many changes in her officers have taken place since her return to New York, that we publish the list entire.

#### *List of Officers attached to the United States ship Constitution :*

Jesse D. Elliott, Esq., Commander of the Mediterranean squadron.

*Lieutenants.*—William Boerum, George F. Pearson, Frederick A. Neville, John Colhoun, James M. Watson.

Henry A. Steele, *Acting Sailingmaster* ; Henry Darcantel, *2d do.*

J. L. C. Hardy, *First Lieutenant Marines.*

Thomas J. Boyd, *Surgeon of the fleet* in the Mediterranean.

John N. Hambleton, *Purser.*

*Assistant Surgeons.*—Robert Woodworth, Victor L. Godon.

*Commodore's Secretary.*—Jesse E. Dow.

*Passed Midshipmen.*—Harry P. T. Wood, Percival Drayton, B. W. Hunter, Wm. T. Muse, Charles Steedman, Wm. S. Ringgold, Jos. W. Revere, Edward Middleton, Montgomery Lewis, George L. Selden, Charles C. Barton, James W. Cooke.

*Midshipmen.*—George W. Randolph, George T. Sinclair, Charles Hunter, Wm. Ronckendorff, Frederick A. Bacon, Fras. S. Haggerty, John N. Maffitt, Henry P. Robertson, C. E. Fleming, E. C. Anderson, Eugene E. Rodgers, A. H. Jenkins, Charles Wager.

*Captain's Clerk,* John C. Holland. *Boatswain,* Robert Whittaker. *Gunner,* Thomas Ryley. *Sailmaker,* Nath. C. L'Hommedieu. *Carpenter,* Francis Sager. *Purser's Clerk,* Edwin A. Teagle.

#### *Passengers.*

*Master Com'dt* Silas H. Stringham, to take command of the John Adams.

*Lieutenant* John A. Davis, for the John Adams.

*Surgeon,* Robert J. Dodd.

#### For the Schooner Shark.

Ebenezer Ridgeway, *Lieutenant Commanding.*

*Lieutenants,* B. J. Totten, Thomas W. Brent.

*Purser,* D. Fauntleroy, *Passed Assistant Surgeon,* Daniel Egbert. *Passed Midshipman,* Charles Haywood.

Joseph Hoban, *Captain's Clerk* to Lieutenant Commanding Ridgeway.

On the arrival of the Constitution the Delaware 74 will return to the United States.

**WEST INDIES.**—List of officers ordered to the frigate *Constellation*, at Norfolk, now ready for sea:

A. J. Dallas, Esq., Commander of the squadron.

*Lieutenants*, E. Byrne, G. Skipwith, J. L. Ball, S. Johnston, G. C. Ashton, C. H. Kennedy.

*Surgeon of the fleet*, L. Osborne.

*Assistant Surgeons*, S. C. Lawrason, W. W. Valk.

*Purser*, J. De Bree. *Sailingmaster*, John Robinson. *Second Master*, R. Semmes.

*Passed Midshipmen*, W. Chandler, R. Perry, J. K. Bowie.

*Midshipmen*, W. Pope, W. S. Williamson, S. Dod, J. W. Taylor, W. B. Whiting, J. W. D. Ford, E. T. Shubrick, A. S. Baldwin, L. C. Sartori, B. W. Beverley, W. May, F. P. Hoban, P. W. Humphreys.

*Boatswain*, Charles Matthews. *Gunner*, Joseph Ward. *Sailmaker*, B. Crow.

The ship *Falmouth*, Captain McCauley, arrived at Norfolk on the 1st of August, from Pensacola.—List of officers:

*Captain*, C. S. McCauley.

*Lieutenants*, W. Pearson, H. K. Thatcher, C. G. Hunter, A. B. Fairfax.

*Surgeon*, L. Osborne. *Assistant Surgeon*, W. A. W. Spotswood. *Purser*, N. Wilson. *Acting Master*, W. Lambert. *Passed Midshipman*, C. F. McIntosh. *Midshipmen*, A. S. Whittier, J. W. Brackett, W. H. Carns, N. Collins, G. W. Grant, D. R. Crawford. *Acting Gunner*, Thomas Robinson.

*Passengers*, B. C. Willis, Esq., Navy Agent, Pensacola, and *Passed Midshipman* G. McCreery.

The *Vandalia*, Captain Webb, arrived at Pensacola on the 3d August, from a cruise in the Gulf of Mexico; experienced a constant succession of squalls and calms; visited Sisal, Tampico, and Metamoras, and in fact cruised all over the Gulf, but saw nothing of the piratical schooner *Montezuma*.

While at Sisal, the *Vandalia* lost three anchors, which were all broken off at the junction of the flues with the shank.—Officers and crew all well.

**BRAZIL.**—The United States ship *Ontario* sailed from Rio for Pernambuco and Bahia the 3d June. The *Erie* for Buenos Ayres on the 19th. The *Peacock* arrived at Rio on the 11th of same month, and was to sail for India about the 4th of July, accompanied by the schooner *Enterprise*. The United States ship *Natchez* was to sail for the United States early in August.

Lieutenant L. B. Newell, who went out in a merchant vessel to join our squadron on the coast of Brazil, has been attached to the *Erie*; and Lieutenant J. H. Rowan, who took passage in the same vessel, is attached to the *Ontario*.

Lieutenants James Williams, E. G. Tilton, and W. H. Noland, and *Passed Midshipman* H. J. Hartstene, have returned to the United States from the coast of Brazil.

Officers of the schooner *Experiment*, on coast survey:

*Lieutenant Commanding*, George S. Blake.

*Passed Midshipmen*, O. Tod, J. P. McKinstry, Z. Holland, B. J. Moeller, T. A. M. Craven, T. A. Budd, W. W. Bleecker.

*Midshipmen*, W. Craney, A. McLane.

*Purser* C. S. Hunt, now at the Pensacola navy yard, and *Purser* McK. Buchanan, at the Philadelphia navy yard, have interchanged stations.

#### RESIGNATIONS.

R. C. Tilghman, midshipman, 24th July.

Christian Nelson, sailmaker, 7th August.

Oliver P. Baldwin, midshipman, 8th August.

Baldwin M. Hunter, midshipman, 20th August.

## MARRIAGES.

In Burlington, New Jersey, on the 14th July, **WATERS SMITH, M.D.**, Surgeon U. S. Navy, to **HANNAH C. NICHOLSON**.

At Fort Hamilton, New York, on the 23d July, Lieutenant **E. C. ROSS**, of the fourth artillery, U. States Army, to Miss **CATHERINE BERRIER**.

At Western View, Culpeper county, Va., on the 23d July, Lieut. **J. W. BAILEY**, of the U. States Army, to Miss **MARIA**, daughter of **SAMUEL SLAUGHTER, Esq.**

At Fort Snelling, on the 27th of May, Lieut. **E. A. OGDEN**, of the first regiment U. States infantry, to Miss **ELIZA E. LOOMIS**, daughter of Brevet Major **LOOMIS**, of the same regiment.

At New York, on the 4th of August, Lieut. **FRANK ELLERY**, U. S. Navy, to **ELIZABETH FOWLER**, daughter of **EDWARD MARTIN, Esq.**

In Wheeling, Va., Lieut. **JOSEPH C. VANCE**, of the second artillery U. States Army, to Miss **AMELIA**, daughter of **S. SPRIGG, Esq.**

In Baltimore, on the 11th August, Capt. **HENRY D. HUNTER**, of the U. States revenue cutter service, to Miss **GEORGIANNA W.**, youngest daughter of **ARCHIBALD KERR, Esq.**

## DEATHS.

At New York, on the 7th July, Lieut. **THOMAS M. W. YOUNG**, of the Marine Corps, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

At Buenos Ayres, on the 1st of May

last, Mr. **FRANCIS GARDNER**, aged thirty-nine years, Gunner of the U. States Schooner *Enterprise*.

In this city, on the 10th July, **FLORA**, youngest daughter of Lieut. **FRENCH FOREST**, of the Navy, aged thirteen months.

At Rio Janeiro, on the 3d June, Midshipman **JOHN BANNISTER**, of the Navy.

At Fort Johnston, Smithville, N. C., on the 23d July, of pulmonary consumption, First Lieut. **WILLIAM PALMER**, of the first artillery U. S. Army.

In Philadelphia, on the 9th August, Miss **ANN DAWSON TODD**, aged 18, eldest daughter of **S. P. TODD, Esq.**, U. S. N.

At Key West, Flo., on the 21st July, Lieut. **DAVID A. MANNING**, of the 4th infantry, U. S. A., in the 26th year of his age.

On the 13th August, at Eden Bower near Georgetown, in the 48th year of his age, Dr. **ROBERT FRENCH**, Assistant Surgeon in the Army United States.

In Detroit, on the 1st August, **HARRIET HUNT**, infant daughter of Lieutenant **E. S. SIBLEY**, U. S. Army, aged 14 months.

On the 19th July, at St. Louis Arsenal, **ELIZABETH**, youngest daughter of Captain **JOHN SYMINGTON**, of the U. S. A., aged ten months.

At New London, Conn., on the 18th August, **FOSTER SWIFT**, aged 75 years, a Port Surgeon in the U. S. Army.

In Washington, on the 19th August, **JOHN D.**, infant son of the late Commodore **JOHN D.** and **ELIZA HENLEY**, aged 10 months and 26 days.

At Fort Towson, Arkansas, on the 25th July, of bilious fever, Lieut. **ALEXANDER G. BALDWIN**, of the third regiment United States infantry.